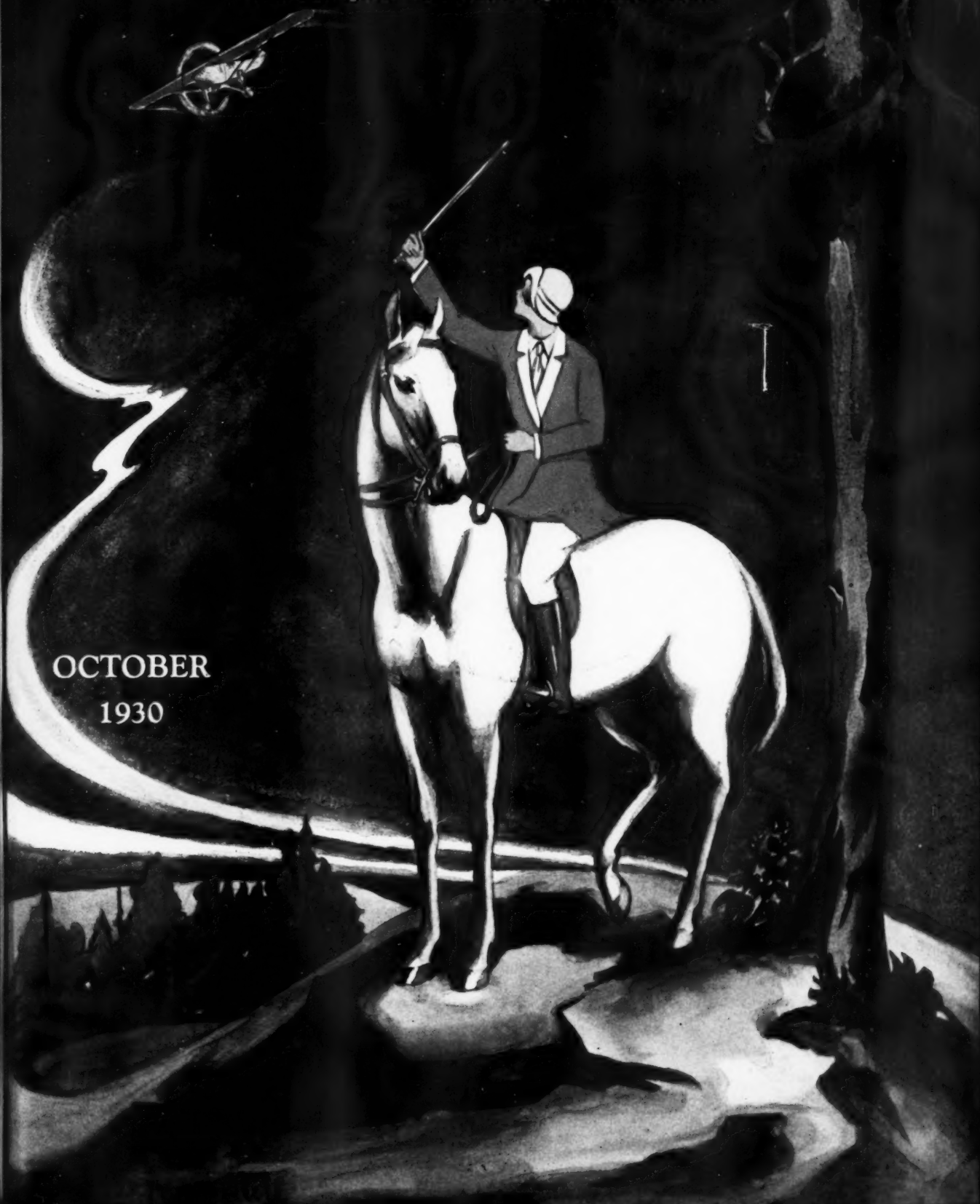


# *The* American Girl

13¢ a copy

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

OCTOBER  
1930



# "SPORTSTER"

## OFFICIAL GIRL SCOUT SHOE

\$5.50

### STYLE 105

Brown Sport "Wilo" Elk  
Gold Spot Leather Soles,  
Goodrich Rubber Heels



"Sportster" Official Girl  
Scout Shoes are available  
in the following sizes and  
widths, thus insuring proper fit:

#### Children's Sizes

	8½	9	9½	10	10½	11
A	X	X	X	X	X	X
B	X	X	X	X	X	X
C	X	X	X	X	X	X
D	X	X	X	X	X	X

\$4.00

#### Misses' Sizes

	11½	12	12½	13	13½	1	1½	2
AA	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
B	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
D	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X

\$4.50

#### Growing Girls' Sizes

	2½	3	3½	4	4½	5	5½	6	6½	7	7½	8	8½	9	9½	10
AAA	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
AA	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
B	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
D	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X

\$5.50

Prices of Shoes are Twenty-five Cents Additional West of Rockies and Southwest

### STYLE 135

Black "Eric Calf"  
"GOLD SPOT"  
Leather Sole  
Goodrich Rubber Heels



This style available in  
brown calfskin  
Kindly order style 125

THE "Sportster" Official Girl Scout Shoes are constructed over scientifically designed co-ordinated Lasts and Patterns. This insures proper fit and promotes both health and proper posture.

"Sportsters" are smartly styled and are the ultimate choice of the modern miss.

GENUINE OFFICIAL SHOES  
BEAR THIS SEAL



No foot too small  
or too large.  
None too wide  
or too  
narrow.

A. SANDLER

Girl Scout Shoe Division

154 Lincoln St.

Date.....

Boston, Mass.

GENTLEMEN: Please let me know where I  
can purchase "Sportster" Officially Approved  
Girl Scout Shoes in my neighborhood

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

Style No. \_\_\_\_\_ Size \_\_\_\_\_ Width \_\_\_\_\_

# Along the Editor's Trail

**W**OW!" exclaimed Janet. "Why punish the sofa cushion! Especially *my* sofa cushion that has to travel with me up to college next week."

"I'm sorry," Mildred said contritely.

"I could do a little kicking myself," remarked Ann darkly, "if I didn't have perfect self-control."

"I had to kick something to relieve my feelings, and your cushion happened to be handy. I wish," Mildred muttered, "that it had been Georgina."

"What has Georgina done?"

"Everything! Why that girl—" she broke off. "We'd like to tell you about it, Janey, if you don't mind. You know the girls in our school, even though you aren't one of them yourself."

"Go ahead. I'm listening."

Janet took her favorite position on the floor, and Mildred and Ann settled themselves on the window-seat.

"Well," said Mildred, "Georgina's been making Alma Bancroft's life miserable because Alma isn't like everyone else. Alma dresses differently from most of the girls. That's her first offense in Georgina's eyes. She says she has no 'style.' She has long braids instead of a bob or a tiny knot, and Georgina giggles and calls her mid-Victorian. Of course, Georgina has a right to her own opinion about clothes and hairdressing, but she hasn't the right to poke fun at Alma and try to make her ridiculous before the other girls."

"And now she says Alma has no school spirit. Even if it were true, I don't think it would be Georgina's business. But it isn't true. Nobody worked harder on the scenery and costumes for the class play last June than Alma."

"And now she's painting a

poster to be entered for the school in the county poster contest," put in Ann. "I think that's every bit as important as playing on the hockey team."

"Does Georgina want Alma on the team?"

"She thinks she ought to try out for it. She says she's the right build. Maybe she is. But *why*, in the name of heaven, should she play hockey when she doesn't want to!"

"Today was the worst," said Mildred. "Georgina came into the study. 'How about a little hockey practice?' she said to Alma. Alma said she didn't play, and Georgina answered, 'You mean you don't want to?' Alma admitted she didn't want to, and then Georgina went after her. She called her 'queer and affected.' She said she had no loyalty to the school. I could have shaken Georgina!"

"Georgina has a common failing," said Janet. "A great many people don't even know it *is* a failing. She wants everybody to be cut from the same pattern as herself and her friends. It's stupid, but it happens all the time. People like Georgina are the ones who, in a foreign country, comment 'How queer!' in audible tones when they meet some custom of the country which is different from the customs at home. Things, to be right, must be done their way. That's the way Georgina reasons it out."

"She expects everyone to follow the crowd," put in Ann.

"We all do, at some time or other, when the crowd is our own crowd," answered Janet. "It's a sort of mob spirit. But it seems a pity not to let people be themselves. They're so much more interesting that way than when they're reluctantly imitating others."

"And more useful, too," said Mildred. "Like Alma."



A table of contents for this issue will be found on page 58

MARGARET MOCHRIE, *Editor*  
PAULINE STEINBERG, *Managing Editor*

## THE AMERICAN GIRL

670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Subscription price: \$1.50 for one year, \$2.00 for two years. Canadian, \$.25 extra a year for postage; foreign, \$.50 extra a year for postage; remit by money orders for foreign or Canadian subscriptions.

ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES: Powers & Stone, Inc., First National Bank Building, Chicago, Illinois; Harry E. Hyde, Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Powers & Stone, Inc., 369 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. C., for New England and New York State, except Metropolitan Area

VOLUME XIII

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations

NUMBER 10

Honorary President . . . . . Mrs. Herbert Hoover

Honorary  
Vice-Presidents

(MISS SARAH LOUISE ARNOLD  
MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE  
MRS. T. J. PRESTON, JR.  
(FORMERLY MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND)  
MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT  
MRS. WILLIAM H. TAFT  
MRS. WOODROW WILSON)

Founder . . . . . MRS. JULIETTE LOW

Mrs. William H. Hoffman . . . . . President

S. E. McKEOWN, *Business Manager*  
NATHANIEL H. JONES, *Advertising*  
ELSIE WRASE, *Circulation*

Mrs. Arthur O. Choate . . . First Vice-President  
Mrs. Vance C. McCormick . . Second Vice-President  
Mrs. Frederick Eddy . . . Third Vice-President  
Mrs. A. Clifford Shinkle . . Fourth Vice-President  
Mrs. William M. Chester . . Fifth Vice-President  
Mrs. Owen D. Young . . . Sixth Vice-President  
Mrs. Barrett Wendell . . . Seventh Vice-President  
Mrs. Herbert H. Lehman . . Eighth Vice-President  
Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady . . Chairman, Board of Directors  
Mrs. Edgar Richard . . . . . Treasurer  
Mrs. Julius H. Barnes . . . Corresponding Secretary  
Miss Emma H. Gunther . . . Acting Director

Counsel: Mr. Chauncey Belknap





**L**ENORE HURR of Rogers, Arkansas, says that *THE AMERICAN GIRL* has been better during the last four months than at any time in the two years that she has known it! She says, "I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for two years now, and I have never enjoyed it so much as I have in the last four months. I can hardly wait for the next copy because it gets better all the time. The stories are *so much* better. I adore those Scatter stories, and would like to see one in every copy. The book reviews are much better too. *The House with the Cross-eyed Windows* was the best serial printed in two years and I think *The Fork in the Road* is a close second. *The Puppy Cubs* was fine. Could we have more stories like it?"

**T**HEN there's Ellen Greenebaum of Baltimore, Maryland. She writes from Hamburg: "I enjoy *THE AMERICAN GIRL* so much that I had it forwarded to me while traveling in Europe this summer. I would like the magazine better, though, if you would have more stories about Jo Ann, Mary Ellen and 'I am a Girl Who—'. Also, would you have a story on sports every month such as *Mary Ellen Learns Tennis* in the July issue, and *The Art of Painless Diving* in the August issue? I like *The Fork in the Road* the best of the serials you have had so far."

**O**NE girl, however, seems to think our stories have too optimistic an outlook on life. This is Barbara Jean Wechter of Elgin, Illinois. She says: "I enjoy my *AMERICAN GIRL* very much, but I did not enjoy *Victories for Evermay*. I don't like a story where the person always wins because that isn't so. I didn't care very much for *Man o' War* because I don't enjoy a story that is short, especially one that has something wrong in the beginning and then ends all right because that isn't so, either. I will say, though, that I am enjoying *The Fork in the Road* very much." We wonder if any of our other readers object to happy endings.

**A**GREEMENTS and disagreements on this matter of more poetry continue to find their way to the *Well, of All Things!* Ruth B. Custance of Lexington, Massachusetts, sums the whole matter up rather philosophically: "I don't care for the poetry page, but so many girls seem to that I just forget

## Well, of All Things!

it's there." And Ruth thought *The House with the Cross-eyed Windows* was marvelous up to the last instalment. Then it turned out too easily. And, disagreeing with Lenore Hurr, she says, "*The Puppy Cubs* was simply dreadful!" There you are! We can't please everyone with every story. That's why we print so many different kinds.

**R**UTH LUNGER of Rochester, New York, writes that she likes "most of the serials—*Carmella Commands* was good and so was *The House with the Cross-eyed Windows*. *The Fork in the Road* promises to be interesting although I did not think much of *Red Coats and Blue*." Then she adds a paragraph which shows an appreciative eye for the subtle touches, shall we say, of our magazine. "There is something I want to mention that I don't think was ever mentioned before. The silhouettes that you put in your magazine. I think they are ever so nice. I think they add life to a whole page full of nothing but print."

**C**ATHERINE BENNETT of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, writes: "I think *The Fork in the Road* is just fine. I like Edith Ballinger Price's stories anyway. My mother enjoys *THE AMERICAN GIRL* as much as I do. As soon as I finish it she reads it. The Scatter and Jo Ann stories are my favorites. They are so entertaining and amusing."

**A**ND here is another mother who enjoys *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. She is Mrs. W. E. Marion of Trenton, New Jersey. She writes:

"Dear Editor of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*:  
"In your *Well, of All Things!* you say you want to hear from all your readers, not just Girl Scouts. I haven't seen any letters from Girl Scout mothers, but I'm

sure there must be many mothers who feel as I do about the magazine. Blanche is just becoming a Girl Scout in September but has been a Brownie for some time. We both read everything in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. We liked *The House with the Cross-eyed Windows*. And although Tillie Spier of New York (in your June issue) thought it 'babyish', I thought it quite fine and I'm sure there were other mothers who felt the same. 'I Am a Girl Who—' has helped me with some problems, and the cooking pages have given me some new ideas. Blanche thought book reviews uninteresting until she read *THE AMERICAN GIRL*."

**H**ELEN MILLER of Astoria, Long Island, New York, especially enjoyed Virginia Moore's article about Judge Jean Norris in the August issue. She says: "That court room scene did more to bring out Miss Norris' character than a lot of dry description would." She adds, "I must say the covers of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* are getting better and better each month. The August cover is splendid." Then she adds, "Perhaps it would be interesting to you to know that I am keeping a scrap book with all the poems illustrated in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I have a splendid book, and the August poem and illustration will have the place of honor in it—the middle page."

**H**ERE are two girls who are particularly happy when they receive their copies of the magazine. Bella Brown of Troop Seven, Honolulu, Hawaii, writes: "I am an 'American girl', thirteen years old, living in Honolulu with my parents. I have a sickness called pleurisy. I have been in bed for about a year. I have nothing to do so when my *AMERICAN GIRL* came this morning, I was pretty nearly the happiest girl in the United States. I think Jo Ann is the best ever! Scatter is bully, too. I wish you had some more stories like *The House with the Cross-eyed Windows*. Let's have another story contest. I was glad that you devoted the entire magazine to swimming. In Honolulu we do a great deal of swimming."

And Lillian G. Eaton of Westfield, Massachusetts, tells us: "I have been an enthusiastic reader of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for two years, and since I have been at the sanatorium I enjoy it more than ever."



# What the well-dressed girl is wearing for GYM, ATHLETICS and TAP DANCING



Black sateen knicker bloomers form a jaunty complement to a V-neck collarless wing sleeve middy of white jean. The bloomers are \$1.50 retail, the middy \$1.00.

B

This Gym Suit of good game suiting is popular with or without wing sleeves. It comes in all colors and retails at \$1.95. Note the pocket in the side.

Here we have black sateen shorts combined with a plain collarless wing sleeve top of white jean. The shorts retail at \$1.00, the top, \$1.00.

C

The young lady, clad in full pleated black sateen bloomers and sloped side middy of white jean, bought the bloomers for \$1.50, the middy for \$1.00 retail.

D

A sleeveless rehearsal romper. In checks, prints or plain Broadcloth. All colors and black sateen. Retails for \$1.50.

E

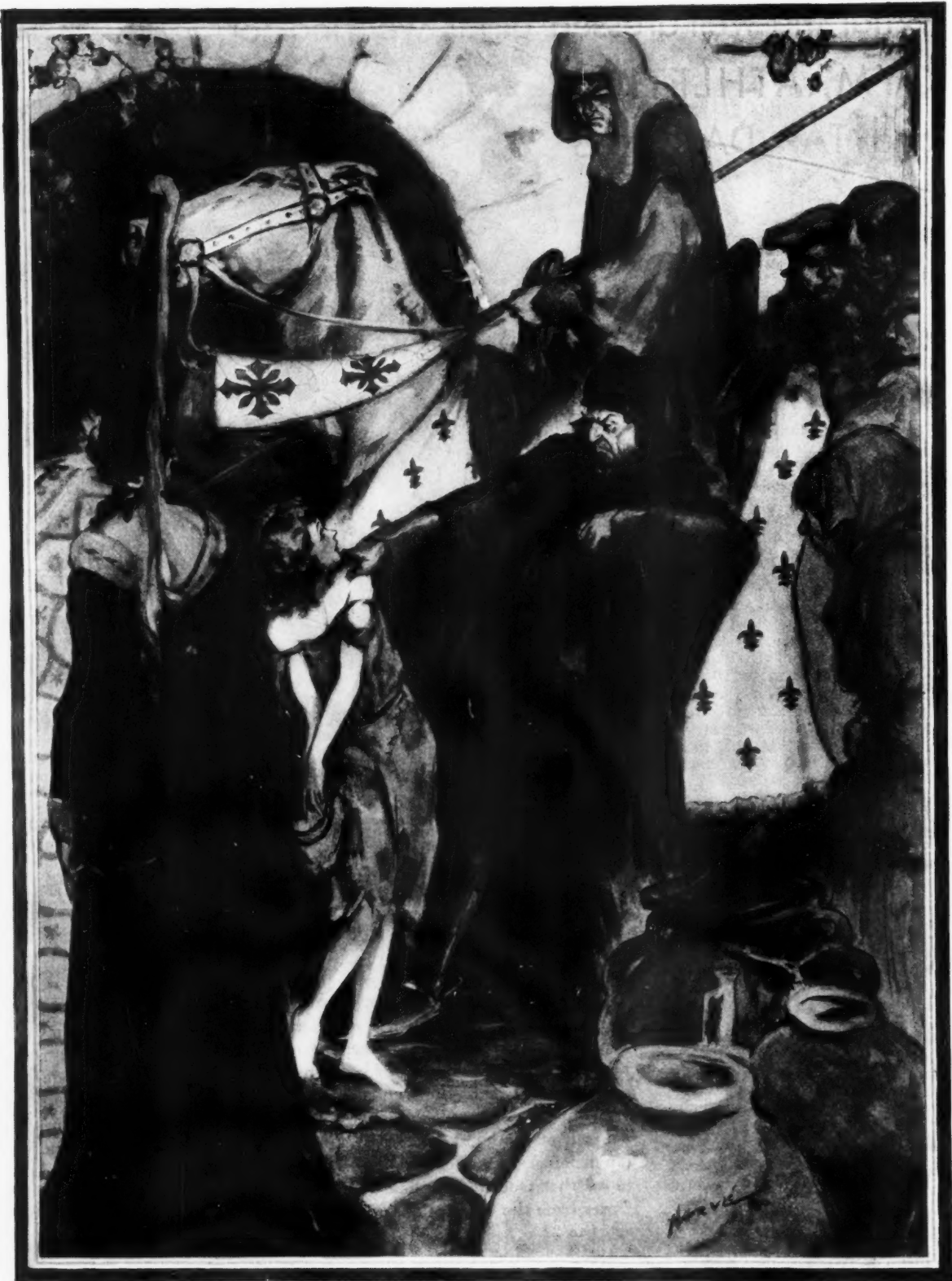
How different are these trig, colorful and up-to-date togs from the baggy bloomers and shapeless middies of yesteryear. How well they express the dynamic energy, the love of speed and freedom that are all part and parcel of the modern American girl. MAN O' WAR designers have caught the true spirit of the day in every one of these smart togs. Be sure to look for the MAN O' WAR Trade Mark, to insure yourself of the latest in style when you buy your outfit for gym and tap dancing. If your local store hasn't stocked these yet we will be glad to see that you are supplied upon receipt of check or money order. Order from the descriptions and please give your size. Sizes run from age 4 to 22.



## MAN O' WAR

Style Togs for Gym and School  
BRANIGAN, GREEN & COMPANY

1270 Broadway, N. Y. C.



STEELY FINGERS DUG INTO HER SHOULDER AND A STRONG ARM SHOOK HER UNTIL HER TEETH CHATTERED. A LARGE CROWD QUICKLY GATHERED. "A THIEF! A PICKPOCKET! MY MONEY! MY PURSE! STOLEN!"

# THE AMERICAN GIRL

The Magazine for All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

Registered in U. S. Patent Office

Margaret Mochrie, Editor

October, 1930

## Beginning

# Vagabond's Ward

*A new serial of Paris in the romantic days of François Villon*

By MARJORIE PROVOST



SPRING in Paris 1458. It was night and a warm rain blowing wildly about the towers of the Louvre lent them an air of tremulous motion. Steeples and weathercocks, spires and belfries thrust swaying heads of carved and delicate loveliness into a seething sky.

Few people were astir for the rain had turned the streets into rivers of mud. Especially was this so in the *ville*, that portion of Paris where splendor and sordidness rubbed elbows. The Faubourg of St. Honoré was almost impassable with mud and filth. It grew worse and worse until it reached the *Marché aux Pourceaux*. This was the swine market where the makers of counterfeit coins were punished. It was always awesome even on a bright, sunny day, but this wet night when the moaning of the trees from the nearby woodland sounded eerily like the hungry cry of the wolves, the neighborhood of the *Marché aux Pourceaux* was ominous enough to chill the bravest heart.

Yet the small girl trudging wearily down one of the tortuous lanes thereabouts seemed indifferent alike to the nearness of the *Marché* and the howling of the wind. She was huddled in a piece of sacking which served her as a wrap, and her little feet were bare. Every step that she took caused her to sink knee deep in mud, so perhaps it was just as well that she wore no shoes. Her face could not be seen for she kept it hidden behind her queer cloak. But once as she passed the uncertain light of a solitary candle her hair gleamed fugitively golden.

She passed the *Marché* and, a street or so beyond, struck off into a vile, ill-smelling lane, totally unlighted. Compared to this the Faubourg of St. Honoré had been a palatial thoroughfare. The narrow path was so choked with refuse that if one had been unfamiliar with it, progress would have been impossible. The crazy, gabled houses tilted threateningly above the

child's head. It was almost as if they contemplated falling upon her and making an end of one who was so little and so brave. Even this did not trouble her. Only, as she stumbled down the lane she said under her breath, "That mud sounds like the voice of the devil. Heaven protect us!"

At last she stopped before a ramshackle old inn. A straggling light crept from beneath the closed windows. Above her, the signboard swung with a crazy clatter. This was the "Inn of the Golden Sow" which honest folk avoided as if it had been the plague. The child rapped sharply twice, waited a space and rapped three times more.

There was a moment's pause, then a rattle of unbolting doors. A villainous face peered cautiously out into the night.

"It is Kate, Perrot," said the child.

"Kate? Where have you been, daughter of a pig?" growled the man, admitting her.

The child took off her sodden cape and moved across the low-ceilinged room to the fire. She stretched out her hands to its feeble blaze.

It was a strange scene. The crude ancient room with its bar, its scattered oaken tables and benches, its empty mugs and flagons telling of past jollity, was evidently the chief chamber of the inn. There were many signs of dire poverty about, though the frugal fire cast a softening glow on walls and furniture. Evidently mine host of The Golden Sow did not have a large trade for there was only one man in the place, and he a ragged fellow sleeping off drunkenness.

Perrot was an indescribably sinister personage. He had a squat, stocky figure and a wooden peg for a leg. His face was made more evil by a black patch across one eye, and his mouth wore a ferocious snarl that was not good to see. The child facing him seemed a citizen of another world. Her garment of rough cloth could not hide the delicacy and grace of her figure. Her hands



FRÈRE PERROT KEPT "THE INN OF THE GOLDEN SOW"

Illustrations by Harvé Stein



and feet were very tiny and finely made. That, one could see in spite of grime and soreness. Her small face, beautifully pale and exquisitely featured, might have been regal if hunger, sorrow and neglect had not sharpened it almost to a pitiful grotesqueness.

She looked up at her grim master half in timidity and half in defiance. "Frère Baulde sent me to borrow money of Jaques Bevelier at the Abouvoir Popin," she said.

"That place! That swine! That poet!" cried the one-eyed man roughly. He glanced at the drunken figure snoring in its corner. "This is the last time you shall go for him or my name is not Perrot Girart," he swore. "What! Am I to lose your time that *he* may send you on such errands?"

His voice awoke the sleeper, who stirred, yawned and opened blinking eyes. "What luck, Kate?" he called jovially.

"Jacques said for me to tell you to jump into the Seine," said the little girl in a low voice.

Baulde sprang to his feet in a fury. "Pah! May he fall down a mud hole and smother! A fine world this where a man may starve while his friends look on and bet on how long he'll last!" He drew his hand across his eyes and suddenly the anger dropped from him like a shed cloak.

"I'm hungry," he whimpered. "Perrot, will you trust me for a crust of bread?"

"Not a morsel!" swore the inn-keeper. "What of the crusts you owe to me now? Piled together they would tower higher than Notre Dame!"

Baulde laughed, shrugged and crept back to his corner. He curled up on the bench and fell asleep immediately.

"I should throw him out," grumbled Perrot as he limped back to the bar. "Lazy poet! No one else will take him in . . . but my good nature. *Pardieu!* It will ruin me yet!"

The little girl listening, smiled sadly to herself. She knew quite well that like as not Henri Baulde would swagger in the next night with as much as two gold crowns. She wondered as she curled in front of the fire and listened to the wind, how he filled his pockets so easily. A coin-er? She hoped not for he had been kind to her more than once. He had given her a tart one unforgettable feast day and he never kicked nor cuffed her as



THE CHILD WAS TORN FROM HIS GRASP. FALLING BACKWARD, THE SERGEANT LANDED SHARPLY

some of the others did, especially Perrot, who was never in good humor even when Kate brought him a purse contributed by some unsuspecting citizen.

It was a hard life, she thought gravely. There was always fear of the watch when she was stealing. If she were ever caught it meant hanging upon the great gibbet at Mont-faucon. There was always the freezing in the winter, the mud, the horrible heat in summer. Hard work, of course, but that was not bad. Everyone must work except the rich and mighty. Scrubbing pots, going for water up to her knees in mud, taking care of the sorry nags that sometimes were stabled in mine host's barns, even serving ale to drunken duck thieves—all this was bearable. It was the stealing that hurt. Creeping about the streets under freezing skies and robbing people who were innocent and laughing. Robbing them of money for which they had toiled. Alas! That made her heart ache. In all of her ten years she had stolen and lied and begged. That was bitter to the taste.

Suddenly the sound of vigorous knocking disturbed her thoughts. The child lifted her head. Perrot started to his feet. They both listened in silence until the second knocking came. Perrot drew in a noisy breath and fumbled for the keys hanging from his belt. A queer inn, this! Not only were the doors bolted, but locked!

Three men came in upon the opening of the door. They were students or had been students in one of the colleges of Paris. They looked evil enough in the rose glow of the fire. One was tall and lean with a fair, dissipated face. Though his cloak was old and tattered and his scholar's hat only a scarecrow of a hat, he carried himself with an ease and grace that told of good blood and better days. This was Perinet de la Barré, warm of heart and weak of will.

Beside him slunk a little withered man with a mean, dark face. His eyes were like bits of glass shining from a fire. It was Casin Chollet, the duck thief, whom no man trusted.

The last of the trio was a little, fat man wrapped in a soiled violet cloak. He bore the name of Guillaume d'Orléans with a shabby grace, much as he wore the bedraggled plume upon his hat. This Guillaume was a professional kidnaper and the mere mention of his name was enough to inspire the utmost terror among the mothers of families. He was weak, cruel and a coward. Kate sitting before the fire devoutly made the sign of the cross when she saw him.

"Ah!" cried Perrot, rubbing his hands together.

"What shall it be tonight, sirs? Wine mixed with honey, mayhap, or good beer from Flanders?"

"Naught," growled Guillaume with a nasty look from his little eyes. "Naught, Frère Perrot! We have not even so much as a 'white' among us! We have come to discuss ways and means of obtaining wine!"

"Or even the baser beer," added Perinet with a laugh.

"Mayhap Perrot will trust us for a draught?" suggested Casin Chollet casually.

Perrot shot him a hostile glance. "Not a drop!" he said curtly and turned away.

"Wait! Wait but a moment!" urged Guillaume. Will you not sit with us? We would like you to hear our plan."

Perrot shrugged. "Money in it?"

"Hundreds of crowns!" nodded the kidnaper.

"I have heard that before," said Perrot knowingly. But nevertheless he followed them to one of the tables where they all sat down.

"Are we alone?" asked Casin with a quick glance about the dimly lit room.

"Only Baulde sleeping his life away," returned Perrot indifferently. "You'll find no informers here, Chollet."

"It is always best to be sure," put in Guillaume smoothly.

"Now our plan is this. It has been a hard winter. We are



"WELL, WHY NOT? I AM FRANÇOIS VILLON, BEGGAR AND POET!" HE SAID

all penniless. Our lodgings have no fire. We starve, we thirst, we are wet to the skin, as you can plainly see!"

Perrot nodded. He was used to this tale from the thievish, idle students.

"We must have money and plenty of it," said Guillaume, a sly smile upon his fat, white face. "Why should we creep about in rags when men no better than ourselves go clad in silks and velvets? Thieves, all of them! It is a matter of luck, that is all. They call themselves merchants or members of the household of the king when in truth they are as knavish as the poor student who must lie and steal or die."

"Enough of that! It is all granted!" cried Perrot impatiently. "What is this plan that will bring us gold?"

"There is a family," said Guillaume, lowering his voice, "a rich merchant family that has lately been ennobled by His Majesty. They have gold enough to buy twenty nobilities but, *pardieu!* they are proud and waited until Louis' shrewd eyes fell upon them. Well! (Continued on page 33)



# Marian Hall

the novice may not realize it's a full time job. She may think all she has to do is to show beautiful fabrics and period furniture to wealthy clients and advise them whether to do their homes in French Provincial or Jacobean or Early American style.

"It is true that this is an important part of the game, but the easiest part. If you're given a home to decorate you may have to do anything from directing a gang of workmen to moving furniture. It requires not only knowledge and skill but tact and resourcefulness—and muscle."

Now it was my turn to smile, which I did—out loud, I fear; for although these two young women looked exceedingly capable I found it hard to picture them in the rôle of furniture movers. They are both in their early thirties, perhaps, very good to look upon and so well dressed that not for the life of me can I remember what either one of them was wearing that day. I was more eager than ever to

hear all about their business experiences.

"Perhaps you can best make me understand by telling me your story," I suggested.

"Whose story?" they answered in chorus, each one too polite to take the floor.

"Both of your stories," I explained, "and the story of your partnership; how this shop was started and how you brought it to success." In proof that it was successful I need not rely on hearsay. The visitor is quickly aware of an atmosphere of prosperity in its size, its equipment and furnishings as well as in its personnel. The room in which we were sitting—Miss Hall's private office, I was told—was one of several in the shop yet, save for the presence in one corner of a quietly efficient secretary, it might have been the living room of an attractive home instead of a place of business.

It was Miss Hall who began the story. "Fifteen years ago," she said, "I had just finished being a débutante." This statement did not surprise me. I could see her in that rôle. "I'd had my first season and my fling of gaiety and was wondering what to do next. Idleness bored me; the family fortunes were not as secure as they had been and I wanted above all things to get a job—which was none too easy then. Now-a-days it is very smart for the débutante to go into business but fifteen years ago she was apt to think that money grew on little trees in the bank. She had not yet learned that earning her living is far more interesting than going to parties; besides, fewer jobs were open to women in those days. But one night at a dinner party I chanced to be seated beside a friend of mine named Mrs.

I WANT to be an interior decorator; how shall I set about it to become one?" Is that one of your problems?

The experts to whom I put the question, as I sat in their shop one hot day by appointment made long in advance, were Diane Tate and Marian Hall. It is a very attractive shop on a smart street in New York City and above it, outside, one reads the words, "Diane Tate and Marian Hall, Inc." The name sounded businesslike, and yet I was not surprised to find Miss Tate and Miss Hall two very attractive young women. Successful young business women today have a habit of being charming.

"Try to imagine," I continued, "that I am a young girl just out of school, anxious to swing the world by the tail as an interior decorator. What is the first thing to do?"

"It's a long, hard row to hoe," said Miss Hall, "and not so easy as it sounds. You must work. You can't be an interior decorator in your leisure time. You can't say, 'Isn't it amusing—I've got a job, my dear!' and then continue your social life or get married and raise babies as your main occupation. If one of your clients summons you—as she's sure to do sooner or later—with, 'Come quick, the wrong carpet has been laid down!' or 'The new mattress is too short for the antique Colonial bed,' you can't say, 'I'm sorry, but I'm just leaving for a week-end in the country', or 'I'll attend to that next week.' To be a success you have to be on the job every minute and your working hours, like doctors' hours, seldom end when you leave the office."

"What we mean is this," interpolated Miss Tate, "The term interior decorator has such a lady-like sound that



*Tact, resourcefulness, taste and hard work—these belong in the equipment of every successful interior decorator, so these two clever young business women told* MARGARET NORRIS

Buel who ran an interior decorating shop. As though she guessed my mental quandary she asked me right out of a clear sky, 'How would you like to learn to be an interior decorator? I could make you useful in my shop.'

"Well, if the work she had offered me had been dress-making or millinery, a chance to become her secretary or to write advertising, I would have jumped at it just the same. You see, at that time I had no fixed ideas as to what my life should be. I hadn't any particular gifts; I just wanted to go into business. I didn't even inquire what my salary or my duties would be. I merely reported for business—and very thankfully.

"The first year or so I spent all my time doing odd jobs for her, such as shopping for furniture, fabrics and rugs and bringing home yards of samples to please Mrs. Silvergilt's fastidious taste or catch Mrs. Astorbilt's fancy. Or perhaps I was sent to watch the painters at work in one of our clients' homes, to make sure the sun room was just the right tint, and the halls not too dark. In this way, by making myself useful, I learned many important things about fabrics, colors and period furniture, how to distinguish reproductions from genuine antiques and how to tell a Chippendale chair from a Sheraton or Hepplewhite. I also got experience in the delicate matter of handling clients, which, of course, is important."

"And where does Miss Tate come into the picture?" I asked.

"Oh, I just happened along to ask Mrs. Buel for a job," replied that young lady.

"I, too, had once been a débutante but I had studied interior decorating at school and wanted experience in it. By working together, Miss Hall and I became friends and, as business grew, we left the shop where we were employed and started one of our own. But please don't think we got our clients through any social connections. People, you will find, are reluctant to do business with friends. Social and business relations are always pleasanter when kept distinct. You need only prove you are capable to have one client recommend you to another—and so business grows like a snowball."

The shop called "Diane Tate and Marian Hall, Inc." is only eight years old, but in that time it has met with almost

phenomenal success. Their clientele is not limited to New York; they have customers all over the country, in Newport, Miami, Palm Beach, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, and Massachusetts. Week-ends that both partners would like to spend at the seashore or in the mountains are more often spent in long journeys in too hot or too cold Pullman cars. Even the annual trip to Europe, which they take turns in making, is toward business rather than pleasurable ends, though they are not averse to combining the two.

"But," I insisted, stubbornly reverting to the original question, "granted a girl is not so fortunate in getting her experience as you were, how would she prepare herself for a profession of this kind?"

"There are three ways to cut your eye teeth," said Miss Hall. "The first is to take a course at a school where the principles of interior decoration are taught; the second is to get a job in a small shop, like the one where we began; and the third is to sell over the counter in a big city department store. Of course the ideal training is to do all three of these things. In that way you learn how to please customers and may be able to find some of your own.

"First, as to the school; if you choose a good one, that is time well spent. There is certain definite information the interior decorator must have. (Continued on page 39)

Diane  
Tate



BRIT PICKED OUT A FEW STRAINS  
ON THE HOME-MADE STRINGED  
INSTRUMENT THAT HIS GRAND-  
PAPPY HAD PLAYED BEFORE HIM

MILLY TURNER knelt by the creek battling clothes. The cold water splashed up onto her arms and flushed face as she rubbed faded overalls and calicos.

Pushing aside her auburn hair which was as vivid as the flash of a redbird's wing, she squatted back on her bare heels and sniffed the air that came from the forest-covered hillsides bordering the creek. There was the breath of spring things in the Kentucky air—of spongy moss, of dogwood drifts and laurel thickets.

With a sigh Milly returned to her washing. "Seems like thar ain't nary thing but work fer a girl-child," she muttered. "Allers washin', totin' young-uns, hoein' corn or cookin' from sun-up to sun's dyin'. An' nary a chance fer larnin'."

Milly Turner was the best baby tender on Gab's Branch—she'd had plenty of training with seven younger brothers and sisters—also she was the ablest hog caller thereabouts and she knew all the woodland secrets. But at sixteen she could barely read and write. There were twelve Turner children crowded in the one-room cabin that hung on the hillside. The others went a short time each year to the little district school. But Milly's mother had never been able to spare her and besides, Pappy Turner considered "larnin' fer girl-women plumb triflin'ness."

Suddenly Milly glanced down the branch. Around a curve in the creek bottom came a man leading a mule laden with a girl and bulging packs. "Sue Wilson and her pappy," thought Milly and fell to scrubbing furiously.

"Howdy," called the man as he neared the washer. With feigned indifference Milly looked over her shoulder.

"Howdy," she answered.

"Hot, ain't it?" piped the rider. Enviously Milly eyed her. Sue's gingham dress was bright and crisp. Her straw hat flaunted a red bow and she wore black slippers. It was the latter which Milly most coveted, for she had but one pair of shoes—stubbed things that she wore in winter.

"Pappy come over to Pine Mountain School to fetch me home fer the summer," volunteered Sue. "We're havin' vacation."

"So?" responded Milly while her heart thumped at the words. Pine Mountain School located fifteen miles away was the dream of every hill girl in southeastern Kentucky.

"What air things like over thar?" asked Milly.

"Oh, it's a fine-purty place," exclaimed Sue. "There's a hundred boys and girls livin' at the school. Part of the



By ESTHER GREENACRE HALL

## A Fiddle to Play

day we go to classes and the rest of the time we do the farmin' and cookin' and cleanin'. It's nice when you all work together."

"Lawdy," drawled her father. "Thar ain't nary thing they ain't got over yonder—swimmin' pool and no manner of other new-fangled idee. Course it comes high to send a girl-child thar, but mammy and me we craved fer Sue to git book-knowledge."

"How—how much would a body need to go thar fer a year?" faltered Milly.

"Eight dollars a year fer tuition," explained the man. "They gives you back three dollars at the end of the year. Course you got to put your young-uns in better clothes at the school than you would ter home. Oh, it's a sight high place. Waal, we got to go bye. Git up thar, Nell."

"Goodbye, Milly. Try to come next year," called Sue.

"Maybe," smiled Milly stiffly. "Eight dollars," she murmured. "Eight dollars!" Living off their tiny garden and



Illustration by  
Frederic Dorr Steele

# Gladsome Tunes

corn patch, the Turners rarely had actual cash. The sale of a hog occasionally was barely sufficient to buy a year's clothing.

Milly's mouth was compressed as she puffed up the hill with the clothes and hung them on the picket fence that staggered about the cabin. "Ma," she shrilled as she finished the task, "I's goin' down ter Nolans."

"Don't you go loiterin'," warned a voice from indoors. "Thar's a heap sight o' hoein' today."

But Milly was already striding down the creek. She'd find Brit. He was always wanting things, too. But he couldn't want a violin worse than she craved book learning. It would be a good thing to pour out her stifled wishes to him.

Soon the girl left the creek bed to plunge up the mountain along a ravine. Smoke vines with leaves almost as large as straw hats and ropes of grape vines swathed the trees. Rhododendron bushes brushed her face with their waxen

MILLY PUSHED INTO THE CLEARING AND DROPPED DOWN ON A MOSS-COVERED LOG. "PLAY 'BARBARA ALLEN,'" SHE COMMANDED

leaves and their great clusters of pale pink blossoms. Milly's heart lifted as the sweetness of the woods enclosed her. And down from the mountain wafted a thin, melancholy tune. Yes, Brit was there, playing his dulcimer.

On Milly climbed until she reached a wall of trees and vines through which she poked her head. Sitting on the ground in a tiny clearing, back propped against a tree, was a long, amazingly thin lad. His face was sensitive and dreamy, the eyes brooding.

"Howdy," called Milly. The boy started, then smiled slowly. "Say, don't you know no better'n to scare the wits out of a body's skull-piece?" he drawled.

Milly pushed into the clearing and dropped down on a moss-covered log. "Play *Barbara Allen*," she commanded.

Brit picked out a few strains on the home-made stringed instrument that his grandpappy had played before him. Then he threw it down. "Aw shucks," he grumbled, "thar ain't nary sense in pickin' on that ole thing. You can't make purty tunes on it. Ary song sounds like t'others."

"I reckon," murmured Milly sympathetically, her own troubles forgotten. "I been studyin' on you, Brit," she mused, sharp chin cupped in calloused palm. "What you crave is a shore enough fiddle what kin play gladsome tunes. I onc't heern a real fiddle. And that stringboard—one minute it sounded trimblish and sweet like a whole thicket of redbirds and the next it war poundin' like the thunder over Pine

Mountain. Oh, it war a sight to the world to hear that fiddle speak." She shook her head gently at the thought.

Brit nodded. "I've heern tell on it. But thar ain't nary use festerin' my mind fer a fiddle. Pappy'd throw it out the door. Likewise I ain't nary money nor place to buy sech-like."

There was a long heavy silence. Suddenly Milly sprang up. "Say, Brit, folks does narrate about a Fiddler John what lives t'other side of the mountain."

"Why-fer you think on him?"

"Waal, they say as how he's too old to play the fiddle now, but he ust to fiddle like Kingdom Come. He could help a body what had music in his innards."

"Shucks, quit your foolishness, Milly," the boy reprimanded. "It's a longsome way over the mountain and what would a totterish ole man care about we-alls."

"Aw Brit," pleaded the girl, "like as not he still has his fiddle and would leastways let us look on it." At that a glimmer of interest shone in the boy's eyes, only to die out.



A whippoorwill's mocking note broke the moment of stillness. Brit shook his head slowly, unwilling to hope yet.

"Pears to me he'd a give it away come now or chopped it up fer kindlin'," he said.

"Don't go then," cried Milly sharply, her fists clenched. If only she could make Brit hope for things. But an evil-tempered father and poor health had drained the spirit out of him. Abruptly her anger melted at the sight of his despair. There was so much music in Brit!

"Lead off, Brit, I crave to sing," she cried with forced lightness. And lifting her face to the trees and the sky she began,

"In Scarlet Town where I was born  
There was a fair maid dwelling,  
Made every youth cry Well-a-day;  
Her name was Barbara Allen."

The voice was sweet and clear. Carried away by the singer's absorption and the beauty of the haunting, minor key, Brit began an accompaniment. Verse by verse unfolded the tragic ballad of Barbara Allen and her dying lover:

"She was buried in the old church yard,  
And he was buried a-nigh her.  
On William's grave there grew a red rose,  
And on Barbara's grew a green brier.

"They grew to the top of the old church wall,  
Till they couldn't grow any higher,  
They lapped and they tied in a true lover's knot  
And the rose grew round the brier."

The last trailing note lingered through the forest. Milly stood still with face uplifted. And then as though the sad tune had washed away some of her own pent-up emotions she turned with a gay smile to Brit and swung into a merrier ballad. Then the two slipped into another and yet another, the minor-keyed dulcimer trying its best to sound as buoyant as the singer's notes.

At last Milly broke off to cry, "Brit, won't you go see Fiddler John?" And carried away by her enthusiasm he answered, "I'll study on it, Milly."

"Tomorrow," cried Milly. "We'll get a soon start before sun-up. I reckon Ma won't quarrel at me fer goin' away jest this onc't. I don't go away a lot."

Fiddler John was drowsing on his cabin porch when two weary travelers arrived the next day, dusty and warm from their journey.

"Howdy?" ventured Milly at the steps.

Faded blue eyes blinked down at the two. "Howdy?" quavered the old man. "And who be ye?"

Brit was silent, but Milly had expected to do most of the talking.

Besides there was nothing forbidding about Fiddler John.

"T's John Turner's gal from t'other side of the mountain. And this be Jack Nolan's boy from yonder, too."

"Waal, waal, step up. It's a toilsome walk you's had to come here."

The two were soon at ease with their host. While Milly talked to him, Brit studied the old man as though incredulous that those shaking hands could ever have held a precious violin. When questioned about his playing, Mister John beamed and fetched his fiddle from inside. He eyed Brit with interest when told that the boy had a dulcimer and he tenderly handed the fiddle to the boy. With

quivering fingers Brit stroked the wood of the marred instrument, his face flushed with suppressed excitement.

"Cain't you play we-alls a tune?" begged Milly.

"My hands shake so as ary music I make will be quaverish," apologized Fiddler John. But he played a squeaky, though to the listeners thrilling, tune. The poor music hinted at the rich tones lurking within the instrument.

"And now, boy, cuddle this hyar fiddle 'gin your neck bone and try lilty song," commanded Mister John handing the instrument to Brit.

It was late afternoon when the boy and girl departed, ecstatic over the old musician's offer to give the boy lessons every Sunday during the summer months if Brit would visit him.

Brit made the trips regularly until finally Fiddler John allowed him to take the violin home. The lessons were pouring new vigor into the boy, driving out the old apathy and discouragement. Brit was learning many ballads by ear. It was Milly's clear voice that guided him through new passages as the two practiced in the forest. It was her faith and exuberance that swept him along. And in Brit's progress Milly, in some measure, found relief for her own stifled wishes.

But still in her heart lurked the desire to go to Pine Mountain School. And when Sue passed by the cabin one September day on her way back to school, Milly's heart was no less heavy than the squirming Least One that she rocked in her arms.

It was late afternoon when Milly, still holding the fretful baby, saw a bent figure limping down the creek trail. With a cry she dumped the baby on the floor and rushed to help

Fiddler John up to the porch. The traveler was white with fatigue and his head shook constantly.

"Fer Massy Sake, Mister John, how come you way over the mountain?" cried Milly. Mrs. Turner and the children swarmed out to marvel at the visitor's endurance.

"It be this-a-ways," explained Fiddler John when he was rested. "One of them teacher-women from Pine Mountain School rid over yistiddy to say as how some furriners from Outside was a visitin' the school. Seems like one o' them be a fiddler-woman what has played all over Amerikee and even in that far-away and absent country called Europe. Though lordy knows, I ain't sayin' that thar really be sech a place, you understand."

"Yea, say on," urged Milly.

"Wall, this hyar teacher's bringin' them visitin' folk to my place come next Sunday to hear me play. I counceled them

I couldn't noways saw the fiddle ary more, but they's a comin' anyways. Now I hates to disappoint that fiddler-woman, and I been reflectin' on whether she'd maybe like to hear Brit play instaid. Like as not she could help the lad."

"Fer Massy Sake, what a chanct fer Brit," breathed Milly. Then her face clouded. "But he'd never do it," she added hopelessly.

The old man nodded. "But it seems like we could git Brit over to my homeplace without his knowin' ary thing about t'others. And when he got thar we could coaxen him to play. Could you fetch him (Continued on page 55)

## My Star

BY ROBERT BROWNING

All that I know  
Of a certain star  
Is, it can throw  
(Like the angled spar)  
Now a dart of red,  
Now a dart of blue,  
Till my friends have said  
They would fain see, too,  
My star that dartles the red and the blue!  
Then it stops like a bird; like a flower,  
hangs furled:  
They must solace themselves with the  
Saturn above it.  
What matter to me if their star is a world?  
Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore  
I love it.



TO LOOK YOUR BEST YOU SHOULD WEAR YOUR UNIFORM WITH PRECISION

# Uniformly Smart

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

Good Looks Editor, Woman's Home Companion

Illustrations by Katherine Shane Bushnell



WITHOUT IT, YOUR UNIFORM AND YOU DETERIORATE INTO SLOPPINESS

**I**T'S a mistaken idea that anybody looks well in a uniform. Uniforms *can* make you look much better than the average and they can also make you look much worse. With precision, I think, is the phrase that best describes the way a uniform should be worn. Without precision your uniform and you deteriorate into sloppiness, and it's a much worse sloppiness than you could possibly achieve either in a negligée or in sports clothes, for they imply a certain ease or carelessness of dress, but a uniform stands for neatness, trimness and business-like adherence to the rules of good dressing. It must be put on, taken off, worn and cared for efficiently. Otherwise the whole point of a uniform is lost.

Putting on your clothes, you must know, is even more important than what you put on. Just throwing them over your head and shaking them down doesn't mean

a thing. When you put on your uniform do it carefully, being sure that shoulder seams are correctly placed, that the belt is adjusted properly, that the skirt edge hangs evenly and the tie is neatly tied. Do not nip in your belt coquettishly. It should rest at a low waistline and be adjusted just loosely enough so that your uniform hangs practically straight. If your waistline does not conform to the placing of the belt straps, adjust them as necessary.

Your hat should be worn well down on your head and should not be tilted at a rakish angle. This does not go with uniforms.

Regulation black or brown oxfords and ribbed cotton or woolen stockings to match should always be worn with your uniform. See that your stockings are well gartered and not twisted in the legs or wrinkled at the ankles, and that your shoes are neatly tied.

Be sure to wear the proper tailored underwear under your uniform, and above all things don't wear a fancy slip and let it show below your dress.

Never wear jewelry or any other ornament when you are in uniform.

Next in importance to putting on is taking off the uniform. Don't haul it off and drop it in a heap on the floor, throw it carelessly over a chair or hang it up on a hook by one shoulder. Remove it carefully and also carefully hang it away on its own dress hanger, being sure to adjust the shoulder seams to the hanger so that one end of the hanger won't poke a bulge in the wrong place. Fold your necktie and lay it in a drawer. Brush your shoes and put them on shoe trees. Stuff your hat crown with tissue

paper and set the hat on a hat stand. (You can get these stands for ten cents and they are a great help in keeping hats in shape.)

The care of the uniform between wearings is of great importance. It should be brushed every time it's taken off and any spots cleaned immediately with soap and water. Pressing also is best done when the uniform is first removed so that the uniform will have the benefit of hanging up and becoming thoroughly dry before it is worn again. Press it on the wrong side, using a damp cloth when necessary.

The uniform should be washed before it shows signs of grime. To insure a minimum of shrinking, fading or pulling out of shape, wash in lukewarm water in which a good plain soap has been thoroughly dissolved to make a free lather. Do not soap the uniform beforehand. Wash rapidly, squeezing the suds through the fabric but not rubbing, and rinse several times in lukewarm water. Squeeze out the water, dry quickly in the shade, using a hanger, and press with a warm—not hot—iron when the uniform is not quite dry.

If you perspire easily it's a helpful aid to a neat uniform to use dress shields which may be changed and rinsed out each time the uniform is worn. Always wear a slip under the uniform, to keep perspiration from it. Pay special attention to the neck band, and also to the band of your hat. The hat, by the way, should be washed when you wash the uniform, to keep it looking nice. Buy your hat large enough to allow for shrinkage.

Neckties should be pressed whenever they show wrinkles. Shoes should be polished and watched for run down heels or worn toes. A little money now and then devoted to the cobbler will pay you interest not only in better looks but also in longer life for your shoes.

Of course I do not need to tell you—Girl Scouts—that there's lots more to the way you walk, sit, stand, and wear your clothes than there is to the clothes themselves. You may be sick of the word "posture" but substitute "style" and the results will be the same. Round backs and protruding abdomens cannot be hidden by even the most carefully cut clothes. But the girl who stands and walks well carries off anything she wears with chic and charm. It's the girls who wear their clothes well who look well regardless of what they wear.

Add to good posture good grooming and care of the hair, skin and nails, and you've done your bit toward glorifying the uniform as it deserves to be glorified.

# Hockey for October Weather

**H**OCKEY is an autumn sport. It answers the challenge of the crisp October air which impels the fleet of foot to test their prowess in competition. And the hockey season, although it begins in early autumn, often lasts until the snow drives its devotees reluctantly from the field. Spring may even find the players engrossed in a supplementary season.

In this bracing air of early fall, one moves fast, and in hockey speed is one of the greatest attributes. The other, perhaps, is unselfishness, for a well-trained hockey team knows no individual stars. Only if players work in unison can they hope for victory in a balanced match.

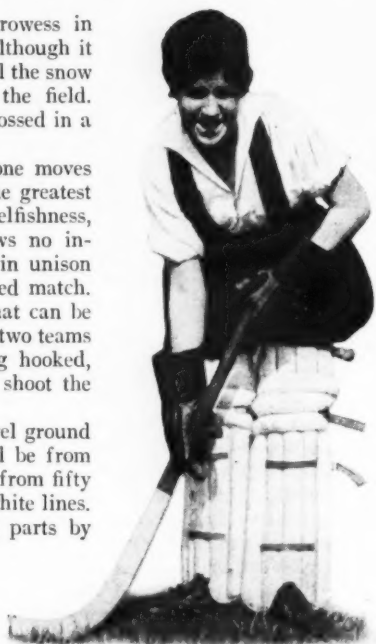
This game is one of the simplest that can be played by a large group of girls. In it, two teams of eleven players each compete, using hooked, wooden sticks. Each side attempts to shoot the ball through the other's goal.

The field may be located on any level ground seeded to form a tough sod. It should be from ninety to one hundred yards long and from fifty to sixty yards wide and marked with white lines. The field is divided into four equal parts by lines marked parallel to the goal lines at either end. The line through the middle of the field is called the center line; the other two, the twenty-five yard lines. After the players become experienced, these twenty-five yard lines need not be marked for more than a distance of five yards in from each of the side boundary lines.

Down each side of the field, at a distance of five yards in from the side boundary lines and parallel to these lines is a dotted line called the five-yard line. At each end of the field is a goal, located in the center of the goal lines. The goal consists of two posts, four yards apart (inside measurements) and seven feet high on which is placed a horizontal bar. About this goal is drawn a half circle whose area is called the "striking circle." It is determined by drawing a white line four yards long parallel to the goal line between the posts at a distance of fifteen yards from them. The line is continued at each side back to the goal line by quarter circles, using the goal posts as centers.

To score a goal the ball must pass over the goal line between the goal posts and it must have been hit by or glanced off the stick of the attacker while it was within

By HENRIETTA GEE



SHIN GUARDS ARE AN IMPORTANT PART OF THE HOCKEY GOAL KEEPER'S PROTECTIVE EQUIPMENT

the striking circle. For scoring a goal, a team is credited with one point.

The ball used for field hockey is an ordinary leather cricket ball painted white. The hockey stick is of wood and has a flat surface on the left side of its head and is rounded on the right. Sticks vary in weight from twenty-two ounces to twenty ounces or less. In general, the lighter stick is better, particularly for young players. Sticks with the broad grain in the wood are more durable. Practically all sticks have rubber grips on the handles. Both balls and sticks may be purchased from any reliable athletic goods house. Hockey sticks are cared for regularly by careful players. Raw linseed oil is rubbed over the blade weekly, and after a wet, muddy match sticks are always cleaned and oiled. Shin guards of padded canvas sometimes are worn to protect the legs of players from the blows of sticks, although they are not needed by beginners.

Before a game the eleven players of each team take positions on their half of the field, each side facing the opponents' goal. Five players form the so-called forward line and are termed right wing, right inside forward, center forward, left inside forward, and left wing. The opposing forward lines face each other across the field at the center line. Behind each forward line in positions which cover the spaces are three half backs, called right half back, center half back, and left half back. Back of this line in each team, covering spaces back of the twenty-five yard line are the right and left full backs, and within the striking circle, guarding the goal, is the goal keeper. Throughout the game the players may strike the ball only with the flat side of the stick.

At the start of the game the two center forwards stand at the center of the field to "bully" the ball. Simultaneously each taps the ground on her side of the ball and then taps her opponent's stick. They repeat this three times. Then each center forward endeavors to strike the ball to put it in play, knocking it in the direction of her



THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS MEMBERS OF OPPOSING TEAMS LINED UP BEHIND THE CENTER FORWARDS WHO ARE "BULLYING" FOR THE BALL





THE GIRL IN THE CENTER HAS INTERCEPTED HER OPPONENT'S BALL



ONE GIRL PASSES THE BALL TO ANOTHER MEMBER OF HER TEAM

opponent's goal. Once the ball is in play, each player tries to knock it toward the opponents' goal by striking (always with the flat side of the stick) and by passing the ball to drive it over the goal line.

During the game the ball may be caught in the hand but not held, and it may be stopped by any part of the body. It may not be picked up, carried, thrown or kicked except with the stick. When the ball has been sent into the striking circle, the goal keeper, who is there defending her goal, may kick or throw the ball within this circle in an effort to prevent its crossing the goal line. At no time during a game can players obstruct by interposing themselves between an opponent and the ball.

Beginners and junior teams play short periods of from five to eight minutes, for hockey is a fast game. After some experience has been acquired, these periods may be lengthened to ten and then fifteen minutes. Expert women's hockey teams sometimes play games whose halves last thirty or even thirty-five minutes.

Keeping one's eye on the ball is as essential in hockey as in golf. And in good playing, the power comes from the arms and from the wrist. Particularly when taking up hockey for the first time, individual players or several members of the team will benefit from practising shots in which they try to hit the ball to a definite place in the field. This training in the placement of shots is quite as valuable in a game as training in shooting for goal, and the solitary enthusiast who practises these placement shots will find her reward when she rejoins the team for play.

The forwards on the team are expected to run with the ball more than the other players. They are usually chosen for their quickness and endurance. The backs are chosen for accuracy of shooting and clear, quick thinking. These qualities, too, are essential in the goal keeper on whom rests the final responsibility of keeping the opponents from scoring a goal.

Each team has a captain, of course. She may hold any position on the team, for her duties are independent of the part she takes in the plays. She tosses for choice of goals; she indicates the goal keeper for her team before the play starts and after any change of goal keeper; she decides on the length of halves and it is she who suggests calling off or stop-

ping a game if light and weather make playing unwise.

Penalties for infringing the rules in a hockey game are simple. If the ball is hit over the goal line, but not between the goal posts, by one of the attacking team from any part of the field; or if one of the defending team, playing outside the twenty-five yard line, knocks it over the goal line, but not between the goal posts, the ball is brought out twenty-five yards in a direction at right angles to the goal line where it crossed the line. Here it is "bullied" again.

But if the ball is unintentionally hit over the goal line from within the twenty-five yard line by one of the defenders, the attacking team is given a "corner." This means that a player on the attacking team shall have a hit from a point on the side or goal line within three yards of the nearest corner. The rest of the attacking team stand with their sticks and feet outside the circle in the field of play; and the sticks and feet of the defending team are behind their own goal line. No player can stand within five yards of the striker when the corner hit is taken and no player may shoot at goal unless the ball has first been stopped by touching the person or stick of some other player. Goals are never scored directly from free hits.

If the umpire believes that the ball has intentionally been hit over the goal line, from a point within the twenty-five yard line, by a member of the defending team, a "penalty corner" may be declared. This means that a member of the attacking team may have a free hit from a point not less than ten yards from the nearer goal post with all the defending team lined up behind its own goal line. The ball comes into play just as it does when a "corner" has been declared.

Frequently during a game the ball passes over the side line. It is rolled back in from the point where it crossed the line by one of the team opposed to the player who last touched the ball on the way out. It may be rolled in any direction, but all the players must stand on the opposite side of the five yard line until the ball has left the hands of the person rolling it in.

It is far harder to score hockey goals than to prevent the other side from scoring them. Veteran hockey teams usually choose the better goal to begin the game if they win the toss; then make a dash to score early in the game because it may be very difficult to do so later on.



THIS PLAYER IS SHOWN DRIBBLING THE BALL

# Kidnaped

By LESLIE C. WARREN

Illustrations by Helen E. Hokinson

**H**HEY, there, Guffin, come here!" I yelped, and at the same time Scatter made a grab for his stub tail. But we were both too late, for he had already spied the fluffy, white poodle coming toward us at the end of a leash, and had rushed forth with a gay, glad bark to welcome the newcomer. Now Guffin's method of welcome is quite unlike that of any other dog in the world. He is my old Airedale terrier, and honestly he is just as silly as he can be about some things. He simply beats it up to another dog as if he were set on eating it alive, and its owners swoon away in a dead faint or shriek for the police. Then when he gets close to the other beast he gives a foolish prance and spansks it in the face with his paw. Of course all the dogs and their people in our part of town are used to the old nuthatch, and they never get excited about him any more. The big dogs ignore him and the little ones spank him back.

But this little dog and his people didn't know Guffin, that was plain, and for a few minutes we had a merry time. The woman screamed and grabbed her beast in her arms, and Scat and I came loping up as fast as we could. But before we could get there, that rotten woman reached out and gave poor old Guffin a nasty kick in the ribs.

"*Cochon, bête sale!*" she shrieked, and a lot more in French. Gosh, I was mad, and I started to tell her so in good old-fashioned American, but Scatter caught me by the arm.

"Never mind, Frosty," she said in a tense voice. "Come along home and I'll tell you about this woman."

"Hullo, there," she went on, nodding amiably to the tall, quiet girl who belonged to the poodle too. "I'll see you again sometime when we can hear ourselves think. Get along there, old man." And, giving Guffin a slap on his rear end to hasten him upon his way, Scatter dragged me from the scene of conflict.

My ire soon cooled off in the chill March air, for after all I was really quite used to these little skirmishes in which Guffin adored to involve himself.

"Who was that girl?" I inquired of Scatter as we headed up into the sunset toward home. "I don't ever remember seeing her around here before."

For a moment Scat didn't answer my question, and then she turned to me with her face stiff and white with anger.



"Frosty, that woman is a wicked ape. She's a cruel gargoyle. She's a— a hibiscus. That's what she is, and I'm going to get even with her if it takes me all my days to do it. You wait and see if I don't."

"For Pete's sake, what is the matter with you?" I gasped. "Who is the woman? And who is the long, lean girl? And why are you so sore? Of course she didn't have any business kicking old Guffin like that, but after all the poor fish really let himself in for it, acting so silly with the little white dog. He ought to know better at his age."

"That is a poor little rich girl. Her name is Nancy Greenough," Scatter answered. "Miss Greenough, our Girl Scout commissioner, is her aunt. She's a nice girl,

Frosty. Awfully quiet and shy. She's just moved into that enormous house on Walnut Street, the one with the high brick wall around the yard. Her father is an ambassador or something and she's lived in Switzerland all her life. That awful gargoyle is her French governess. She's a perfectly poisonous ape, and I hate her. I'm honestly sure that she doesn't treat Nancy right. I know that she is cruel to her, and some day I'm going to make her mighty sorry that she ever left France for Oakdale, U. S. A."

"How in thunder did you ever find out all that about them?" I asked in astonishment, for at that time Scatter herself hadn't lived the whole of a year in our little town.



"HEY, THERE, GUFFIN, COME HERE!" I YELPED, AND SCATTER MADE A GRAB FOR HIS STUB TAIL. BUT HE HAD ALREADY SPIED THE FLUFFY WHITE POODLE COMING TOWARD US AT A LADY-LIKE PACE

Seems funny now to think that Scatter was ever new in Oakdale, but so she was that year the Greenoughs came back to their old home on Walnut Street. It was the same year that we were freshmen at the Oak Tree School, the year before we first went camping at Panther.

Scat's mother had died a couple of years before, and her missionary bishop of a father, out in China or Siam or some place, was utterly unable to cope with his fiery tempered, red-headed child. For a year she had been at boarding school, where she had acquired one dilapidated red necktie, known as the Invincible, and an uncanny ability to nose out affairs in the world about her. Finally she had come to live with her aunt and uncle, whose yard happened to back up to ours, and one day in the late summer I had come upon her, sitting in one of our pear trees, placidly throwing cores at old Guffin, who was going into spasms at the foot of the tree. From that moment our friendship had started, and I don't mind saying that she is one peach of a girl. She slipped into the ways of our

town as if she had always lived there. Joined our brand new Senior Girl Scout Troop, went out for hockey, and in a week knew everyone and everything worth knowing in the town.

At my question she chuckled slyly.

"Oh, I found out about them, all right," she answered. "And I'm going to find out more before I get through. You see, it was this way. Remember that day last week I went down to Girl Scout headquarters to help them address envelopes? You couldn't come on account of your music lesson. Well, it was that day. There was a bunch of kids from other troops working there too, and just as we were

finishing the job, and thinking about getting home, who should barge in but Miss Greenough, the commissioner."

Scatter warmed up to her story now, and got excited.

"We all stood up, most politely—as we should, my Frosty—and she said in that snappy voice of hers—she's an old peach, by the way, my girl—she said, 'Anyone going home by way of Walnut Street tonight?' And I said, 'Yes'm, I live on the next street.' And she said, 'Would you mind taking this note to my brother's house, number 553?' And I said, 'No indeed, I'd be glad to do it for you.' And she said, 'Thank you very much. What troop are you in—oh, yes, I know your captain', and that was that."

Scatter paused for breath, and said, "Woof!"

"Go on," said I, impatient to hear how she had fared.

"Well, I hesitated long enough to buy me a new Girl Scout book—"

"Hooray!" I cheered. "Now that you've done that I'd like to have mine back again, if it's all the same to you."

"Frosty, you interrupt so rudely, how do you expect me to tell you what happened?" Scat complained. "Anyhow, I haven't my book any more. You see it was this way. I went right along to the Greenough's house, and as I stalked up to the front door, whom should I meet but that evil French woman and the poor little rich girl, about to enter the house. 'Wat ees eet zat you want, leetle girl?' says the woman to me. Now I'm honestly not so very little, am I, Frosty? But I remained polite, just the same. 'I have a note for Mr. Greenough, from Miss Greenough,' quoth I.

"Geev eet to me. You may wait here for zee answer," quoth she. But Nancy pulled me inside the door and into a little room. Mademoiselle glared poison snakes at both of us, but she had to go upstairs with the note, and the girl



and I began to talk. She's a nice girl; she's got brown eyes. But can you picture it, Frosty, she's never been to school in her life, and she's never even heard of a Girl Scout before. Her aunt ought to be ashamed for her niece. I had my uniform on, and she asked questions and I answered them, you better believe. I talked just as fast as I could, making the most of my time before old Hibiscus would appear."

I chuckled. I could imagine Scatter making the most of her time—her thin face flushed, her words tumbling out in a jumbled heap, sounding as if she had a mouthful of hot potatoes.

"Well," she continued, "we talked, and in a few minutes back came Gargoyle. She gave Nancy one awful look and cannonaded some French at her. I couldn't understand what she said, but I'm willing to bet that she told her not to talk to common folk like me, for the poor kid shrank away as if I were a fell disease or something catching. Then she turned to me, and smiled a false smile. Frosty, have you ever seen a false smile? Well, it looks like this." And Scatter pulled her face into a fearsome smirk. We had come to my house by this time and were hanging on the front gate while she finished her tale.

"I smiled a false smile back," she went on. "And the old ape said, 'Zair ees no answer, leetle girl, and 'ere ees a quarter for your trouble.' Gosh, Frosty, but I was mad."

Scat flung her long braid of red hair over her shoulder viciously, and banged the gate post with her fist.

"I jumped backward and stuck my hands behind me, just like this." And she illustrated so violently that old Guffin flew right up in the air from where he had seated himself in the iris bed and began chasing rats all around her feet. She went on, indignation in her every movement.

"'You can keep your money,' said I, wide and proud.

'Girl Scouts don't take money for good turns.' And, Frosty, I turned on my heel and stalked right out of that room. Of course the money fell upon the floor, and maybe Hibiscus wasn't mad! She had to stoop and pick it up and she black-guarded me in French like something else. Believe me, I'm going to study French after this. I'm curious to find out just what she did call me that day.

"As I paced out of the room, I noticed that Nancy looked scared to death. She was figuring on her turn coming next, I guess. But she kind of smiled at me just the same, and said softly, 'I wish I might be a Girl Scout too.' Well, I had that book stuck in my pocket all the time, Frosty, you remember, and I thought of a priceless way to make old Gargoyle madder'n ever. So I stopped long enough to tug the book out of my coat and I handed it to Nancy. 'Well, then, here's how you learn to be one,' I said. 'You might get your aunt to explain it to you.' And with that parting shot, my Frosty, I made a grand exit through the front door."

Scatter paused and brooded darkly, leaning her equator against the picket fence.

"I'll get that woman yet, you see if I don't. That poor little bird in a gilded cage must be released from that foul rule." And her fist came down hard on the gate post again.

So with that ultimatum from Scat we parted for the night.

Well, time passed along and what with camp and picnics and hikes we managed to keep pretty busy most of the time. I spoke to Scatter several times about her captive bird and the *bête noire*, but she always put me off the subject.

"The time is not yet ripe, my good woman," she would say. "Be patient and vengeance will soon be ours."

Finally I just naturally forgot Nancy Greenough and her revolting governess. But Scatter hadn't forgotten. She wouldn't! And one October morning, she was all surrounded with an idea. We were walking to school when she sprang it on me.

"Frosty, you ape," she said, "the time has come. That poor little rich girl must be rescued, and the Gargoyle paid off for the kick that she gave Guffin."

"Oh, that," I remarked. "I'd forgotten about it. What do you propose to do? Kidnap the girl?"

Scatter nodded her head.

"Exactly, my good ape. You and me together. We'll kidnap her this afternoon and take her to the troop hike at the Council Bowl. She'll have a beautiful time."

"But my conscience, Scat," I gasped. "You can't do that. We might get arrested or something."

"Or something, is right," agreed Scatter, amiably. "And wouldn't that be more fun, my Frosty?"

"Not so's you'd notice it," I answered gloomily. I simply couldn't get a thrill out of this Greenough girl, but Scat was all agog, and there was no use arguing.

Well, here is how it worked out, and we haven't heard the end of it to this day. Our troop was planning to go out and do the trailing and tracking stunt that afternoon, ending up with a camp fire supper at the Council Bowl in our commissioner's woods. Afterwards we figured on sitting around the fire for a good, long sing.

We wore our hiking clothes to school and were going to hike from there after we had had some lunch. But Scatter broke the news gently, but firmly, to Cappy—who is also our gym teacher—that she and I would have to go home first. We'd join the rest of the crowd at camp, about a two-mile hike from home.

"Frosty has an errand to do for her mother," Scatter explained virtuously, "and I'll keep her company."

"No, I have—" I said.

But Scat trod on my toe and I shut up. Cappy looked puzzled but said, "All right," and we started home.

"You honestly have to do an errand for your mother," Scatter assured me as we hurried along. "I took all the eggs out of your ice box this morning, and if you don't go home and put them back, your father will certainly be out of luck for his breakfast tomorrow."

We put them back, and it's just as well that Scat remembered them, for it would have been me that was out of luck, not Dad, if she had forgotten about them.

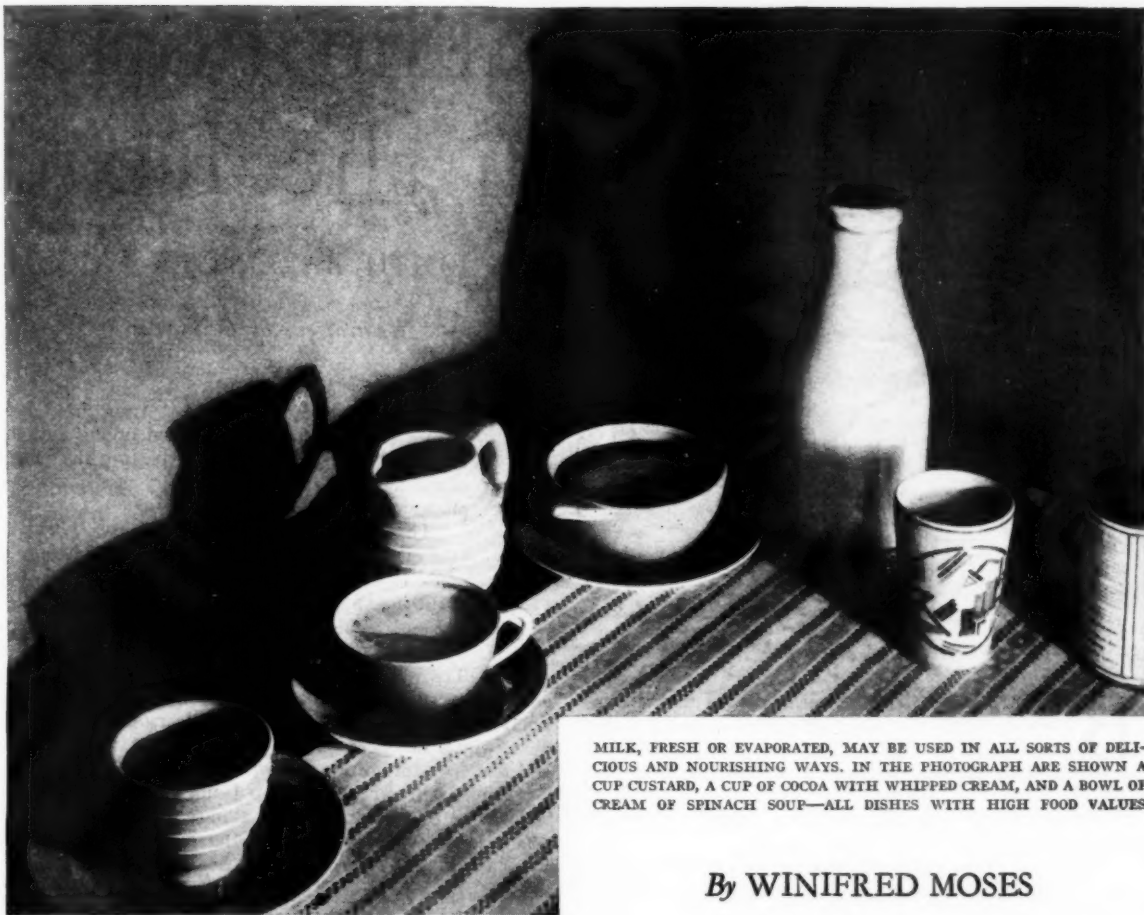
"And now," said Scat, "we must get to work. In the first place Guffin simply can't come with us, Frosty." So I shut the poor old lad in the garage and Scat continued,

"Nancy's all ready for us at her house. She learned the Morse code out of that Girl (Continued on page 41)



I TIP-TOED UP THE STEPS, MY HEART HALF CHOKING ME





MILK, FRESH OR EVAPORATED, MAY BE USED IN ALL SORTS OF DELICIOUS AND NOURISHING WAYS. IN THE PHOTOGRAPH ARE SHOWN A CUP CUSTARD, A CUP OF COCOA WITH WHIPPED CREAM, AND A BOWL OF CREAM OF SPINACH SOUP—ALL DISHES WITH HIGH FOOD VALUES

By WINIFRED MOSES

# The Almost Perfect Food

**A** LARGE part of the family income is spent on food. This money may buy sickness and misery or health and happiness. It all depends on how it is invested.

In the earliest days, when the world was very young, man ate food only to satisfy his appetite. As the world grew older food was used not only to appease hunger but also as a means of entertainment. It still continues to be of social importance—no event either great or small seems to be quite complete without its round of banquets—but we are beginning to take a more sensible view of the matter and to realize that the real function of food is to produce healthy bodies. So hand in hand with our marketing course which we began last month, we shall consider (1) the foods that we must buy to build a sound, healthy body and (2) how to prepare these so attractively that they serve their social purpose as well.

This month we shall discuss milk—first, because it is the foundation of any diet, and second, because it is important that we know whether the milk we buy is clean and free from disease germs.

Some foods we eat furnish the wherewithal to build teeth and bones, to make good muscle tissue, to produce healthy blood, smooth skin, and lustrous hair. Others supply the energy and vitality that make us feel on top of the world, while still others keep the bodily machinery in good running order. There are some foods that perform

one of these tasks, others two or three, but milk takes a hand in all of them. In fact, so great is the importance of milk that we shall begin by saying that the first step in planning any food budget is to set aside enough money to buy one quart of milk for each child and a pint for each adult in the family. You may say you cannot afford it, but when you consider what you get for the money invested in milk you may change your mind.

A quart of milk will supply:

1. Nearly half the protein needed daily to build new and repair old worn-out muscle tissue.
2. One-fourth of the food required to do the day's work.
3. All the lime and two-thirds of the phosphorus that are so essential in building bones and teeth of the finest quality and in keeping blood, heart and muscles in excellent condition.

Milk contains all the vitamins except E. It is one of the best food sources of Vitamin A which helps to keep the appetite and digestive apparatus in good running order—in other words, helps to make us grow—and fortifies the body against the onslaughts of all those notorious little germs that cause colds, sinus trouble and diseases in other parts of the body. It contains Vitamin B which also plays an important part in producing a good appetite, regulating the digestive apparatus, thus eliminating such ills as dyspepsia, constipation, and other (Continued on page 45)

For what has happened  
so far in this story,  
see page fifty-six



LEAVING PINECONE CAMP WASN'T FUN. THERE WERE TEARS ON JUNE'S PART

**B**ECAUSE Mrs. Glenway was really so deeply concerned for the boy, she disregarded Keene's wishes and spoke with him about his problem. He was silent and detached—and beneath that, very angry. He said stiffly:

"I don't care to talk about it. Got to muddle it out myself, thanks."

She knew he was different from any of her children but even so she miscalculated his reaction. She was not prepared to find him packing in dogged haste.

"Godfrey! You're not going?" she demanded.

"I've stayed much longer than I should have," he explained quickly. "It makes too big a family. June will be home. You're always too kind."

Can he be so hurt as this, she thought, that I meddled in his affairs? Well, he must indeed work it out for himself, then. The twins said goodbye to him, dismayed. There was a strange, abrupt, fateful quality about him.

"Well—till college opens," Steve grinned. "Rooming together, you know." For St. Martin's was behind them. Keene shook his head.

"Shan't be there," he said. "It's a rich man's pastime."

"You mean—you're really not going on!"

He did mean it apparently. It was altogether a most distressing parting. When he was actually gone, every one tried—quite unsuccessfully—to dismiss him from their thoughts. June's homecoming helped somewhat. They all drove to Shonset Lake to get her; it seemed to be some sort of field day, to which an excited letter from June had expressly invited them. Among all the other green camp uniforms there was June, at last—very brown and in need of a haircut.

"Come along!" she cried. "Oh, I am glad you came! I don't want to go home. There's plenty of time before they open the beanhole, for you to see my tent—and then afterward there'll be *heaps* of things!"

But leaving it all wasn't such fun. There were tears, on June's part, as the car left Pinecone Camp and Shonset Lake behind.

Hardly had June settled down at home, when Stephen departed with Lynn for an indefinite road-rambling—the red roadster piled high with assorted dunnage and its

# The Fork in the Road

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

*Illustrations by the author*

crew of two grinning broadly. After that, days rushed by, as they have a way of doing, and the Glenways were already half expecting the return of the tourists, and June had very nearly stopped mourning for camp.

"There's some one at the door," Mrs. Glenway said over tea one afternoon. "I'm sure I heard. It might be the boys, although I should imagine they would make more noise."

Fiona went to see. There stood a tall and extremely beautiful woman whom she did not know.

The woman was quietly dressed in dark, well-cut clothes, and there was about her a compelling air of distinction. A small felt hat framed the clear oval of her face, from which her deep gray eyes looked out with the sad and tender beauty of a great artist's Madonna.

"I must tell you at once who I am," she said in a contralto voice the accent of which at once proclaimed that she was not an American. "I am the aunt of your friend Karola." Then Fiona, through her stupefying surprise, knew it was Mrs. Rysik the lady looked like. She could say nothing but, "Oh—Oh!" holding wide the door, then running in to cry, "Oh, Mother dear—it's Mrs. Rysik's sister, come from somewhere!"

"I have come to you at once," the lady said, entering, "after doing all I could in that—place. I have come to thank you all so greatly."

"To thank us?" Mrs. Glenway said, while the twins drew up a chair.

"How shall I begin to tell you—there is so much. Your friendship has saved my poor people from—I hardly know what. But most—if you had not rid them of this dreadful Dapotchko, I could never have found them—and I have been searching for many years. For you see—when Dapotchko was returned to Russia, he reported the whereabouts of my sister to his Red headquarters. And a peasant—he is now a Communist, but he was for many years our servant—got to me at last the information I have not been able to get for eight years. But—I am beginning at the end."

At that moment there was very audible confusion outside, and through the window could be seen the red roadster discharging three passengers in the driveway.

"They have Godfrey with them!" shrieked June, bounding up.

They were entering now, Keene white-faced and tired-looking, and shabbier than ever; Stephen burnt to a red ochre and bigger than ever.

"We picked this tramp up on the road—working at a gas-station, the nut! Had a hard time getting him to come back. Oh—'scuse, I didn't see there were callers."

Mrs. Glenway's head swam. "Godfrey! Oh, how could you—when we'd do anything to help you! Never mind, now—go and get clean; then both of you come in for tea."

Things are happening rather too thick and fast for me; that's Mrs. Rysik's sister in there—and they seem to be nobility or something—I don't know what it all is."

The boys were down in short order, and Keene bowed over the guest's hand. She looked at him, smiling a little. "So this is Godfrey—of whom I have already heard—from my people."

"We've interrupted an intensely interesting story," Mrs. Glenway said. "Take all the cakes you need, *now*, boys. Then—please go on with the tale."

Their guest seemed more restless now, as if too many emotions were sweeping her. She laid aside her tea-cup and clasped her hands.

"We were daughters of Count Kamarov," she began. "My sister married the Baron Rovnorysik, and went to live far from me, in Volhynia, in the Balkan provinces. He was a handsome man—not clever, but dear and good, and it was a very great and ancient estate. I visited them there, in that old renowned house, that is since burned—plundered, destroyed. My poor sister and her family fled; Karola was a tiny thing—she does not remember the great house and the great past. It is as well. My sister has never told her. Stefanie was a baby in arms. Three years they fled and wandered and hid—in living terror, you must imagine. They disguised themselves as peasants. A hundred times their name was almost discovered. All this my sister has just told me—for I was myself hiding and flying, far from her. I could get no news of them. I thought surely they had all been killed."

A listening silence had fallen over the room, while the great specter of the Russian Revolution shadowed safe little Prospect Street.

"Everywhere the Bolsheviks did the things you have heard—things I cannot speak of. They left my sister as you know her, with her bright mind clouded with fear. Somehow, at last, they escaped from Russia into a safe country; just before that, poor little Piotar was born—do you wonder that he is deaf? They fled to America; my poor brother-in-law, the baron, lived only a short time, and my sister has somehow existed since—in fear, always. Poor Tasia, she was too dazed by fear to know that she was now in a free and safe land. She confided in no one, asked no one for help. What was her horror when Dapotchko found her out—she did not know that he could not murder her and the children."

"What *did* he want?" Mrs. Glenway asked. "Money—he said."

"My people would not owe money to such a one," said the lady, with a flash. "He wanted the Kamarov jewels. There had been many. I have still some of them—I con-

trived to keep them, Heaven above knows how! My sister had never many. It was known to Dapotchko and his sort that they existed, and when he found the family here, he tried by every means to extort from them jewels that were not even in their possession. He threatened to tell his government my sister's name and whereabouts, and my poor Tasia did not realize that here she was safe from that government."

Fiona ran forward and dropped down beside the lady, gazing at her with shining eyes. "Then—then is my Piotar a count or something?"

"Your Piotar is the Baron Rovnorysik," smiled his aunt wistfully. "But you loved him quite as well before, did you not?"

"More, almost," Fiona said. "Though I'm glad—oh, so glad for Mrs. Rysik, especially—or—what ought we to call her? Baroness?"

"If you will," her sister smiled. "Anastasia. What matter how you call her, if your friendship is unchanged."

"We haven't heard about *you*, yet—how you escaped and all," Fiona begged.

Their guest seemed loath at first to talk of herself; then a sudden resolve seemed to sweep her. "I?" she said. "Ah well, many things came to me. Flight and fear—then exile, poverty, and loneliness. I would not sell our few



"BUT I DON'T WANT TO TALK TO FAITH. I WANT TO TALK TO YOU," GODFREY SAID TO HER GRAVELY



jewels—I hid them that I might not be tempted. I found that my singing would give pleasure in the concert as it had once given in the salon. I sang, then, and lived. Then—I was married to a very good and great man, and there have come such happy years. They have been darkened by only two things—the thought that I did not know my sister's fate—and the sorrow for my son."

She paused, and all could see that it was a very real sorrow. Fiona, close to her knee, was wide-eyed with sympathy. Keene, closely attuned to other people's emotions, frowned and listened.

"My son did not understand. He would not let his father explain what he thought was a wrong. He left us, and he will not forgive nor return. I have written again and again with my heart in every letter, but he refuses to answer. And I am very much frightened for fear that there should come an end to his father's love and patience."

Mrs. Glenway glanced at Keene, hoping that he would apply this little tragedy to his own case; hoping it might soften him toward that other foreign woman who might perhaps have been able to explain, had he ever seen her. It was plain that Keene had been struck on the quick. He was nervous and ill at ease, gazing with almost a scowl at the Kamarov lady.

"I have spoken too much," she said suddenly. "My own griefs have nothing to do with you. Only those of my sister, many of whose griefs are now happily over. My husband comes tomorrow from New York where business holds him; we are just landed. If my son were also with us, then all the families would be complete—and so happy."

Keene, who should probably have been put to bed instead of being brought in to hear these harassing tales, sprang suddenly to his feet.

"If you'll excuse me," he said, "I think your son's a graceless cad—and should be kicked until he comes to his senses."

Their lovely guest rose with one gracious movement, and as she crossed the room they all saw things incredible in her eyes—of relief and tenderness, and past griefs and present thanksgivings. She went straight to Keene and put out her hands quietly to his. And quietly she said:

"Do not be too hard on yourself, Godfrey. But have you, then, come to your senses?"

A tremendous silence fell like a weight, while six breathless human beings sprang upright or sat frozen, gazing at Karola Keene.

They did not gaze long, for Mrs. Glenway bundled them out, leaving these two together, and just what they said to one another no one ever knew. Dr. Keene, it appeared, was at that very moment trying to find out from St. Martin's where his son was to be located. When Mrs. Keene had discovered by chance that it was to be her mission not only to help her sister, but to make Godfrey understand, she was overwhelmed—and horribly afraid of frightening him farther away. But it was successful—her mission.

By evening of the next day, the Glenways were alone—able to draw a long breath and try to sort out some of the unbelievable impressions of the last twenty-four hours. Of the Keenes, father and son, reconciled; of Mrs. Rysik—nay, Anastasia Rovnorysik—looking very noble and strangely like her sister in some of Mrs. Keene's clothes, but with past terrors stamped, perhaps indelibly, in her eyes; of all of them driving away at last in the big foreign car to Dr. Keene's great house. But most of all, Fiona treasured the stupendous revelation that had come when she had timidly begged Dr. Keene not to let Piotar's education stop. Why hadn't Godfrey ever told her that his father knew more about *ears* than any one else in America? Those last words of Dr. Keene's—she hugged them to her. "—and if it's a sort of infantile shell-shock, which I believe it may be, the next time you come to see your Piotar, I hope he'll hear you

call him—" That was so much more than to hear that Piotar was a baron!

It was because Faith was feeling lonely and somehow as if everything had come to a dead stop, that she wandered about in her dressing-gown that night, after most of the household was asleep. She stumbled against the banisters, and her mother found her before escape was possible. So they went out and sat on the little upstairs balcony of the Brick Oven and looked at the moon above the street light.

"Too excited to sleep, darling?" Mrs. Glenway asked. "It has been rather a day, hasn't it! Everything at once."

"Um," said Faith. "Everything came wonderfully right, didn't it, Mother dear, for them all. Like different roads all coming together. Do you think things always do come out right, if you wait?"

"Not always—how could they?" Mrs. Glenway said. "There are so many sorts of things to come right. What sort were you thinking of, dear?"

"Oh, I dunno," said Faith, and in the moonlight her mother saw a tear.

"I'm afraid—you'll miss Godfrey," she said. "Darling, I'm afraid you think none of us understand your fancies and your pictures—is that it?"

"Don't care particularly about Godfrey," Faith said. "He was fun to work with, that's all."

"I know—not as a person, but as another artist. Faith dear, you do know we love your things, don't you, even though we can't do them ourselves?"

Faith nodded. "But I just don't fit in," she said.

"I ought to trot in double harness with Fiona; that would satisfy everybody, but I just can't."

"You are quite, quite wrong!" her mother said. "My dear, no one has the least desire to make you trot anywhere with Fiona. You're two as different creatures as God ever made, and you each have a distinct gift—it would be wicked to force either of you into double harness."

"But it's what you try to do," Faith burst out. "School—college—everything the same. Same friends, same parties, same—"

"Daddy and I were talking things over tonight," Mrs. Glenway said. "Other people's futures always make one think of one's own. Daddy says he's convinced. That he won't put anything in the way of your going to art school if you want to. He was just waiting to see if you had your face set toward the real thing."

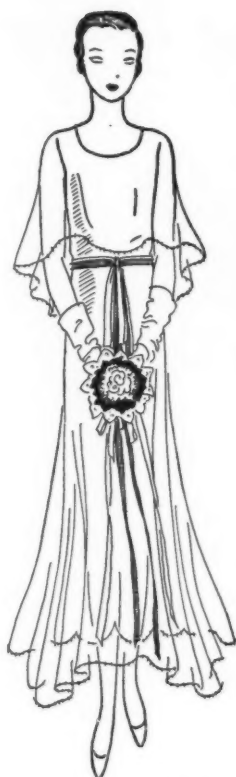
Faith put her hands over her face, and tears slid out between her fingers and glittered down in the moonlight. "Oh, Mother dear, I'm so horrid!" she said. "To have talked like that—when all the while—oh, Mother dear, partly I've been so unhappy because Fiona and I *have* been getting apart. Isn't it queer to want to be different and yet want to go together, too. It's because we're twins, I suppose. I do love Fiona so—and we used to be just like one person. Mummy, it all began when we left Whichways. I felt it happening then. Fiona was really eager to go, and I hated the thought, even. I remember telling her it was like a fork in the road—and I was taking the woodsy quiet one, and she was going off on the horrid hot noisy one where the motors go. And it's been going on—forking wider ever since. And now—if she goes to college and I go to art school, it'll make it even worse. And yet—oh I *do* want art school!"

Mrs. Glenway had drawn her child's tousled head down on her shoulder and was trying quickly to think things through. "Darling," she said, as the true picture flashed before her, "oh—don't you know the fork in the road beyond Dendale; the busy post road full of human beings and their affairs, and the little leafy road of trees and flowers that rambles over the hill?" Faith nodded. "And don't you know how—instead of going farther apart, they turn and get closer together (Continued on page 50)

# Party Frocks Galore

By HELEN PERRY CURTIS

Illustrations by Harriet Moncure



THIS IS AN ADORABLE DRESS OF PEACH-COLORED CHIFFON

**D**O you ever have enough party frocks? Few girls do, although they make up the most delightful part of a wardrobe. And somehow the reasons for not having more always seem to be good. The first is usually that they cost so much already made, and the second is that "it's such hard work to make them". The third one, pointed out almost invariably by either you yourself or your mother, is that you have one or two perfectly good ones left over from last year. The fourth one, which is usually mentioned after a consideration of your shoe bag, is that somehow party frocks seem more recklessly extravagant than any other part of your wardrobe.

But if you really *want* more party frocks, say three new ones this year instead of the customary one, listen to this scheme which I have found to work well. Without using complicated patterns you can make both of the dresses shown here; and the price of the material will be practically your only expense. After you have accomplished that feat, you will probably find a number of ways to vary each of them.

One is of the softest, most delicate peach-colored chiffon, demurely tied with narrow peach and apple green ribbons. It blows and flows as you dance and is light as a will-o'-the-wisp. The other, of flowered organdie, is crisp and cool and delightful for either winter or summer. It is tied at the waist with a double-faced satin ribbon an inch wide, that is blue on one side and rose on the other, just the color of the flowers in the organdie. And either one of them you can easily make for yourself with a little help from your mother or your best friend.

For the peach-colored chiffon you will need six and one-half yards of material. The full skirt is one perfect circle and the soft bertha another, but because the fabric is so pliable, these circles fall in soft, uneven lines at the bottom. Under them is a perfectly straight slip of the same chiffon. First of all cut the two half-circles that will make your skirt. To cut the first half-circle, measure two yards on the selvedge edge and fold it together in the middle. Using A as the center of your circle, and a tape measure or string thirty-six inches long as your radius, mark off a half-circle on your material. I have suggested folding this piece in the middle as in that way you will really only have to mark a quarter-circle and can cut both sides at the same time. Now shorten your radius to four inches and draw another quarter-circle, using the point A as the center. This will form the waist line. When you have cut both halves of the skirt, sew up the side seams so that you have a perfect circle like a doughnut with a hole in the middle.

For the bertha, measure off another yard of material and fold it twice through the middle to make four thicknesses

of chiffon. On this, using B as the center, with a radius of eighteen inches, mark off a quarter-circle and cut through the four thicknesses of chiffon all at once. The easiest way to mark these circles is with pins, fairly close together. The neck opening should not be exactly in the center of the bertha, but in such a position that one edge of it will just touch point B. To cut this, half open your bertha and, using the point C four inches from B as a center, and a radius of four inches, draw a half-circle which will be one side of the neck line. Cut this double and you will have the neck opening. Be careful not to stretch the neckline when cutting it.

Now your dress is all ready, except for the straight, simple slip to go underneath. Fold the remaining yard and a half of material together lengthwise, cut a slit nine inches down the fold at one end and sew the two selvages together to within nine inches of the top at the other side. These two slits are for the arm holes. At the top of the slip at D cut two more half-circles with four-inch radii. Now put the slip on over your head and let someone pin the back and front together at the shoulder seams, sloping the pins down so that the material fits smoothly over the shoulders. Next let her cut out the arm hole for you on one side until it fits comfortably.

If the slip should be too wide through the bust, take in a deeper under-arm seam on both sides. Then cut the second arm hole like the first and take in any seams you may have marked.

When you have the shoulder seams sewed up, turn up your hem. It may be as deep as you like, or you may cut off several inches and scallop the bottom. A scalloped slip is always dainty under a sheer dress. When you've taken the slip off again the scallops may be drawn on the bottom of the slip with a saucer or a small bread and butter plate.

Now your slip is ready to have the skirt and bertha applied. If you prefer, you may cut this slip from your favorite slip pattern, leaving the neck high. Only then, you must see if you need more material.

Put on the slip and over it the

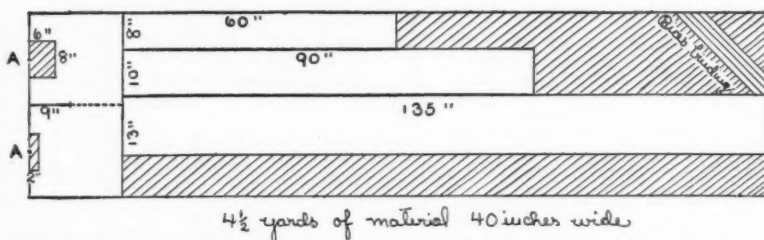


HERE IS A CHIC, FLOWERED ORGANDIE

bertha, placing the shortest side in front. Be sure that it is placed exactly in the middle, then pin the bertha to the slip all the way around, trimming out the neck, if necessary, to fit the bertha. Then

slip on the skirt over the head with the seams at the sides, and the front and back exactly centered on the slip. Pin the skirt to the slip just about at the normal waist line, or a little higher. When both the skirt and bertha have been carefully and closely pinned, take the slip off again and run a basting thread around the waist just where the skirt was applied. If the slip is fuller than the skirt, ease it in just a little all around the waist line. Then remove the pins and turn the skirt upwards away from the slip. In this reversed position, baste the waist line to the slip where it is marked and stitch it on so that when the skirt falls down again, the seam will be covered. Next take the pins out of the bertha, first notching the middle of the back and front of waist and bertha. Then reverse the bertha in the same way, tucking it inside the slip and making a seam which will be covered when the bertha falls back into place again. Slip the dress on once more and see if the skirt and bertha hang just as you want them. You can easily trim and reshape them if you wish, but the uneven edge is very graceful. Then have the edge of the bertha, the arm holes, the bottom of the skirt and the scalloped bottom of the slip picoted. For a finishing touch tie four yards each of two colors of ribbon about the waist, drawing it in rather tightly, making a perky bow in front with long ends hanging almost to the bottom of your skirt. The ribbon should cover the point where the skirt is joined on to the slip. After a final pressing your dress is ready to wear and you'll get three times the pleasure out of it that you would out of a ready-made dress because you've had all the fun of planning and making it yourself, and you know it fits you well.

Of course, you could make this same dress out of other soft materials, such as a lovely Celanese voile, a georgette crêpe or crêpe de Chine. And you can think up any number of delightful color schemes yourself. A lovely daffodil yel-



THIS IS THE PLAN FOR CUTTING THE BODICE AND SKIRT OF THE ORGANDIE PARTY DRESS

color combinations in keeping with your own individual coloring, selecting those which accentuate your best points.

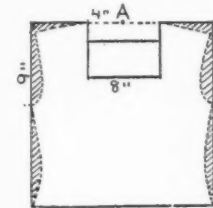
The other dress of crisp organdie is just as piquant and dainty as can be and just as simple to make. It will take

four and one-half yards of plain or flowered organdie which are to be cut in straight pieces. For the bodice, fold your organdie together lengthwise and cut a nine-inch slit down one edge. Baste the two selvages together to within nine inches of the end. These two slits are your arm holes. For the neck, measure from the middle point, A, four inches in each direction. This will be the width of your neck line. Then measure straight down for six inches in the front and two inches in the back and cut out the neck perfectly square following the thread of

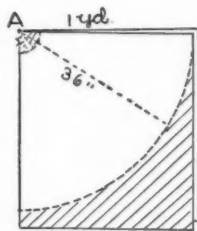
the material as closely as possible. Next slip this bodice on over your head and pin up the shoulder, sloping it from the neck line to the arm. If you wish to shape the arm hole slightly, ask some one to cut it for you while you have it on, shaping one arm hole carefully and readjusting the shoulder seam if necessary. Have the same person pinch in

an under-arm seam at both sides to make the bodice fit the body a little more closely, putting in pins all the way down. When you think the bodice fits nicely, slip it off, trim off the seams and the arm holes so that both sides are alike and baste it up. If it fits nicely now you may stitch up the seams. A French seam makes the neatest finish for a transparent dress. That is, stitching the seam first on the right side, trimming it off closely and then stitching it again on the wrong side.

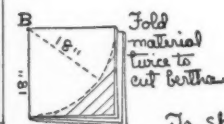
Now you are ready for the skirt, which is made of three flounces, one set into the other and each one of a different width. The top one is seven inches deep when it is finished, the next one is nine, and the last one twelve. Each flounce should be cut an inch wider than its finished width and should be one and (Continued on page 56)



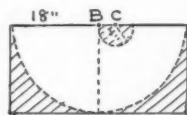
Way to shape bodice in fitting



Fold material once to cut skirt -

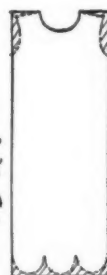


Fold material twice to cut bertha

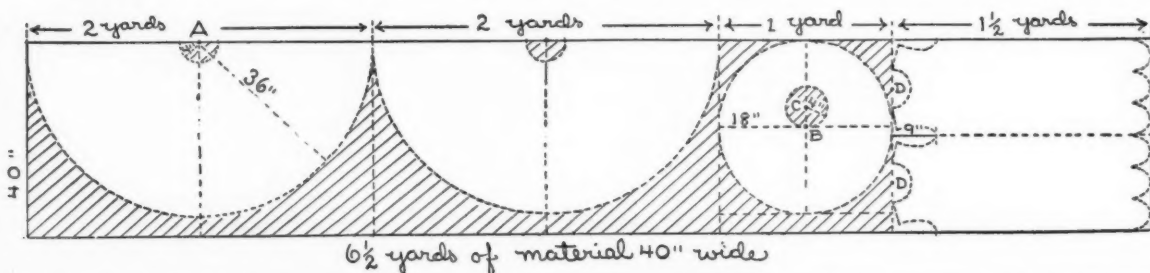


To cut out neck of bertha

To shape the slip by sloping the shoulders and scalloping the hem -



BY FOLLOWING THE DIAGRAM THE CHIFFON DRESS IS EASILY CUT



IN THE CHIFFON FROCK THE SKIRT AND BERTHA ARE TWO PERFECT CIRCLES. FOLLOW THESE DIRECTIONS IN CUTTING YOUR MATERIAL



# “Boot, Saddle, to Horse and Away!”



A FORT LEAVENWORTH MOUNTED GIRL SCOUT TAKES THE JUMPS WITH EASE

MEMBERS OF A MOUNTED TROOP KNOW FINE POINTS IN GROOMING HORSES



UNDER the arching boughs of the great elms rode the girls, shafts of sunshine glowing on their red sleeveless jackets, shining on their white blouses and breeches, glinting on their black boots. Even the twenty matched bay horses seemed to realize that this was an *occasion*, as they arched their glossy necks and lifted high their polished hoofs. At the head of the column, straight and easy in her saddle, rode their leader. This was the Fort Leavenworth, Kansas Mounted Girl Scout Troop on its way to the great brick riding hall to entertain the delegates to the conference of the Covered Wagon Region. These girls had many a trick hidden up their sleeves to astonish and delight their visitors.

Although the Mounted Troop has not been in existence long, its members have become really expert horsewomen.

It was first organized by Miss Cornelia Cress in 1925, and when the Cresses went away the next year, Mrs. Vernon Olsmith took it over. She knows horses and knows riding, and when she says to a member of her troop, “Ride that horse!” the girl knows that although the horse in question may be rolling a wicked eye at her and stamping the ground irritably, her leader is confident of her ability to manage him. And

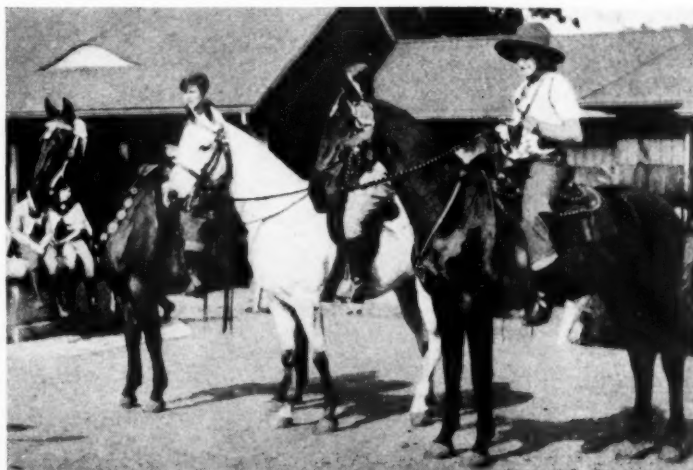
when she discovers after mounting that the wild eye and impatient hoof are mostly bluff and that he well knows the meaning of a steady hand and a firm leg, she, too, is on her way to being a horsewoman.

In the autumn the work begins indoors, for some fifty per cent of the troop are new each year, and many of the new members have never ridden at all. For the old girls who are good riders, occasional hikes are taken. It is easy to imagine the fun of dashing off on horseback over the countryside in the crisp autumn air. The really serious work of the troop must, however, begin in the riding hall, where there is a thick carpet of soft tan-bark to make a cushion for the spills.

There the girls learn that there is nothing very terrible in a fall which, half the time, is the result of their own

inadequacy and that they must always remount at once. They learn good form, how to hold the reins, where to sit in the saddle, where and how to place their legs.

At last the thrilling day comes when the troop is ready for its first cross-country ride. This consists of a glorified game of *Follow the Leader*. At first they keep to the woodland paths in which Fort Leavenworth is rich. (Continued on page 38)



OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA'S MOUNTED GIRL SCOUTS ARE KNOWN AS THE SHONGHEON TROOP

## Our Star Reporter

*The best news report of the month about Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month. How you can be a Star Reporter for your magazine and win a prize was explained fully in February, 1930*

IN keeping with the purpose of Girl Scout Week, to demonstrate their abilities, Beatrice Rothchild of Atlanta, Georgia, tells us that "Atlanta Girl Scouts enjoyed a fine celebration of homemaking last year. Five contests among the troops were sponsored by local headquarters. The Girl Scouts who liked to cook entered their cakes, cookies and candies; those who liked to sew or were working on needlewoman or dressmaker merit badges entered articles, dresses, or handkerchiefs. Many lovely articles made in handicraft classes were entered in the handicraft contest—there were metal bookends, hammered bracelets, woven rugs, plaques, block print designed pillows, pottery bowls and lamp shades and needlepoint foot-stools to decorate the girls' own rooms. The girls who were interested in scribe work wrote short essays on 'My Ideal Home.' Then the 'My Own Room' contest was very interesting. Two Girl Scouts, Jane Thomas and Mildred Wagon, painted and decorated the furniture, chose the curtains and draperies, the pictures and rugs, then arranged a room with little assistance from their parents. Both girls read *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and got many helpful suggestions from the articles printed about decorating a room and making over furniture.

"The department store which handles our Girl Scout equipment co-operated with the girls through the dress-making bureau, crafts department, and through the chef in their big kitchen.

"The contests were judged for three ribbons—blue, yellow, and red. The blue ribbon winners received awards of one year's subscription to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, two copies of 'Juliette Low and The Girl Scouts' and 'Nancy Goes Scouting.' All entries were on display at Girl Scout Headquarters through Thanksgiving when the cakes were given to the Family Welfare society, to be given to people who came to their office for food on Thanksgiving Day."

OCTOBER brings Girl Scout Week again with its quiet introduction to the members of many communities through the attendance of Girl Scouts at their churches on Sunday morning, October twenty-sixth, in Girl Scout uniform. Then a round of activities will follow during the week, which will demonstrate to the mothers and fathers and interested friends exactly what the Girl Scouts have been doing during those hours, and hours spent at the Little House, or during those days or weeks spent at camp.

Father will be given a chance to appreciate her culinary progress on Mother's day off, Mother will be able to appreciate her Girl Scout's efficiency on the next day when she takes up the reins again and finds no hitch has occurred in the domestic routine during her vacation.

Handicrafts will be displayed, modestly, of course, but then they speak for themselves. And just about now Girl Scouts all over the country will be cudgeling their brains for original ways of staging the various events of Girl Scout Week. Well, here are some of the ideas carried out by clever troops last year. Perhaps your troop can adapt an idea here, part of an idea there, to shape an interesting program for your own Girl Scout Week activities.

Evelyn Roussan of Boise, Idaho, belongs to a wide awake troop of Girl Scouts who observed Girl Scout Week

rag rug, carvings from wood, a signaling flag set, a bow and arrow set, a knot board that had quite a number of pretty knots on it, and a picture history of our troop, which shows the growth of the troop at different times since we first organized. We also had some very attractive bird houses that had won first, second and third prizes in our contest last spring.

"We had some Girl Scout equipment

last year by "having a large window display at one of the best known and largest department stores of this city. The manager of the store was interviewed and he gladly consented to our request.

"We dressed a wax model in one of our new uniforms, one that had quite a few merit badges on it. We also had a copy of the *Girl Scout Handbook*, the *Blue Book for Captains*, two nice story books about Girl Scouts, and our *First Aid Book* and *Knot Tying Book*. We also included a copy of our camp newspaper of last year.

"We had a specimen of each of the handicrafts that we have been working on such as, a large

also, including our big troop flag. The display was a source for our requested membership on the Community Chest, from which we will obtain sufficient funds for our summer camp next year."

### A "Model" Troop Meeting

*To show parents exactly how it's done*

Daphne Savage, Troop Fourteen, Norfolk, Virginia, says her troop decided to give a "model troop meeting in order that the parents of the members of Troop Fourteen might know just what happens at a Girl Scout meeting. They invited their parents, friends, and the local council.

"The meeting opened with Colors being presented and the Girl Scouts in horseshoe formation renewing the promise, pledge of allegiance, and laws. One verse of the Girl Scout hymn was sung. Each patrol in patrol corners planned two stunts, one to demonstrate a phase of Girl Scouting, the other to be comical. Patrol one went through the semaphore code, alphabet and numerals. 'Pretend victims' were given first aid treatment by Patrol Two. Patrol Three had a Tenderfoot requirement class. The knots were tied and the prospective Tenderfoot Girl Scouts repeated the laws and promise. Another showed how to get one's pace and how to judge distances. 'The Lighthouse Keeper' and 'The Ford' were the stunts that furnished the amusement. The fathers had a whistling contest and then their daughters had one.

"Refreshments were served while the Girl Scouts sang their songs. Everyone joined the goodnight circle and sang taps. Hostesses and guests had a delightful time and the parents went home with a better understanding of what their



GLOVERSVILLE, NEW YORK, GIRL SCOUTS SET UP A MODEL OF THEIR CAMP IN A LOCAL THEATER LOBBY WHERE THE MOVING PICTURE, THE "GIRL SCOUT TRAIL," WAS BEING SHOWN

# Week Comes

*all the things Girl Scouts do, and many tree-first, in honor of the birthday of Juliette Low*

daughters did weekly while playing the game of Girl Scouting."

## Hostesses for an Informal Tea

*With clever Girl Scout demonstrations*

Plymouth, Massachusetts, Girl Scouts have a delightful suggestion for Girl Scout Week. Clara B. Ellis tells us about an informal tea at which the members of Troop Two were hostesses:

"Saturday afternoon the Girl Scouts of Troop Two gave a demonstration of Girl Scout work and an informal tea to their parents and members of the council.

"The demonstration was given in the form of a regular Girl Scout meeting. At the sound of the bugle call for assembly the girls formed patrols and had roll call and inspection. Using the horseshoe formation, they pledged allegiance to the

flag and once more renewed their Girl Scout promise and laws.

"Then came an exercise by twelve girls studying the Tenderfoot test. This portrayed the meaning of the Girl Scout laws, each girl lighting a tiny candle from the larger one of the Scout Spirit. The finished semi-circle made up of these younger girls, each bearing a lighted candle, showed that they are all trying their best to live up to the Girl Scout laws. This was followed by the singing of the troop song, written by one of the older girls.

"Next came a short one-act play written and coached by one of the First Class Girl Scouts, illustrating the work of the Second Class Badge Compass Class. It was done by means of a short sketch, representing three girls who have lost their way in the woods with no compass; two are at a loss to know



THIS CHARMING PHOTOGRAPH OF JULIETTE LOW WAS TAKEN BEFORE SHE STARTED THE GIRL SCOUTS

what to do, but the third, being a Girl Scout, finds the way with the aid of her wristwatch, a stick and the sun.

"Another presentation of the Second Class group was given by those studying fire prevention. This was a very interesting court scene trying the culprits of electricity, gas, cigarette, kerosene, match, defective chimney, gasoline, lightning, rubbish and bonfire accidents, who pleaded 'Not Guilty' of any wrong and turned the evidence to 'carelessness' which causes such a large loss of life, property and valuables.

"The third honor in the organization, that of becoming a First Class Girl Scout, was illustrated by the presentation of a short sketch under the direction of one of the troop's Golden Eaglets. Her demonstration was of the Morse code and the use of simple first aid in case of accident.

"It seemed most appropriate, after this short demonstration of first aid, that our instructor should be recognized. As a token of appreciation of nine years of conducting our first aid, home nursing and child nursing classes, so that the Girl Scouts might qualify for those badges, Captain Ellis presented Miss Urquhart, R. N., a thanks badge on behalf of the troop.

"As in closing a regular Girl Scout meeting the girls formed the Goodnight Circle and sang their closing song, followed by taps."

## Waterville Scored a Success

*With its first Girl Scout Week!*

Grace King of Waterville, New York, writes us:

"Waterville's first real Girl Scout Week was a huge success. The whole thing was planned and carried out by the Community Committee whose hard work and untiring efforts in their behalf have won the gratitude and esteem of all the girls. Their backing and interest is an inspiration and it is through them that Girl Scouting has become the one thought of the girls of this village.

"The week beginning Sunday, May twenty-sixth was (Continued on page 43)



FUTURE GIRL SCOUTS AND BOY SCOUTS ATTENDED A REUNION AT BROOKLINE WITH THEIR MOTHERS, WHO BELONGED TO THE FIRST GIRL SCOUT TROOP IN MASSACHUSETTS



# When We Co



TOLEDO, OHIO, IS ONLY ONE OF THE CITIES THAT SEES UNIFORMED GIRLS ON GIRL SCOUT SUNDAY



MANY DEPARTMENT STORES FEATURE GIRL SCOUT DISPLAYS LIKE THIS ONE IN BOISE, IDAHO (RIGHT)



"HOW DO YOU EARN YOUR SEWING BADGE?" BROOKLYN GIRLS ANSWER THE QUESTION (RIGHT)



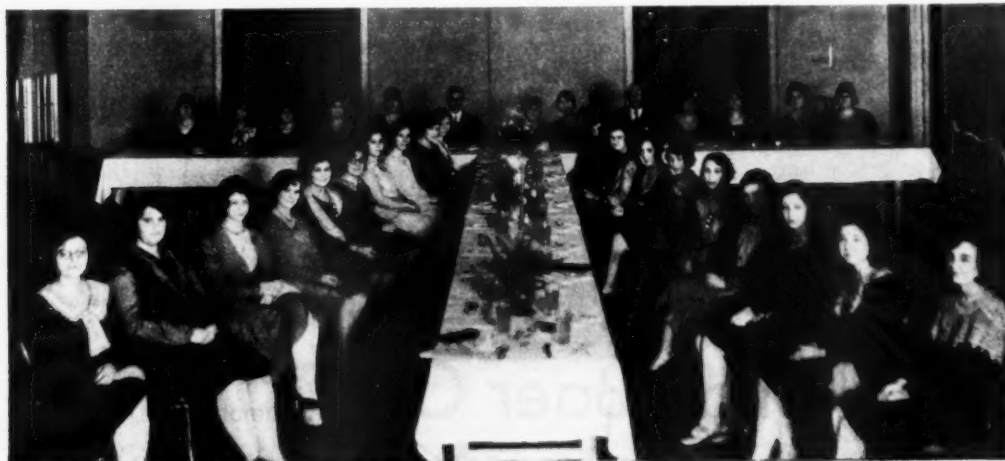
# Celebrate Girl Scout Week

WELL-BALANCED AND WELL-COOKED MEALS ARE NECESSARY TO GOOD HEALTH AND GOOD TEMPER, TOO, THESE BALTIMORE GIRL SCOUTS PROVE

BED MAKING IS AN ART THESE MILWAUKEE COUNTY, WISCONSIN GIRL SCOUTS, PICTURED AT THE EXTREME RIGHT, ARE DEMONSTRATING



MUSKOGEE, OKLAHOMA MOTHERS WERE THEIR DAUGHTERS' GUESTS AT A RECENT BANQUET





2257

Style 2257. Fancy lace weave jersey in combinations of gold and black, orange and black, and blue and white. Blouses of white lisle net, trimmed with leather belt.

All styles  
illustrated

\$5.95

In sizes 6 to 14.  
Your size at your  
favorite dealer or  
write us.



2255

Style 2255. Jersey in brown, green, blue, and red. Blouses of fine French spun jersey in champagne shade with the new "chukker" collar.



2253

Style 2253. Bolero type jumper of wool crêpe in blue, red, and green. Blouse of white Broadcloth. Embroidered trim.



2256

Style 2256. Wool tweed in tan, red, and blue. Trimmed with leather belt. Blouse of French spun jersey in champagne color.

## IDEAL FOR SCHOOL WEAR

### cleverly designed

## FRESHY JUMPERS

### of unusual attractiveness

Every girl at school wants lots of attractive dresses. Here are some unusually interesting jumpers at a price so low that you can have a variety of them. The blouses may be changed.

Write for our booklet of fall styles, illustrating a striking selection of "Freshy Frocks" and "Bonnie Briar" blouses at surprisingly moderate prices.

# Goldman Baer Co.

32 S. Paca St.  
Baltimore, Md.

MAKERS OF OFFICIAL GIRL SCOUT DRESS AND CAMP UNIFORMS

Editors! October fifteenth is the deadline! Remember—



## Vagabond's Ward

(Continued from page 9)

This wealthy family has but one son. I had my eyes on him the other night. A puny, doll-faced lad with curling hair! Now, my plan is to kidnap this boy and hold him for ransom. We can command any sum! Your part in this will be to hold him here and we share and share alike."

"It is dangerous," said Perrot slowly.

"Pah! Are you not cautious enough? Could the boy break out of here without your keys? Could the police break in without warning? Even if they should search here, there is the secret closet."

"What would you say to a hundred pieces of gold?" asked Guillaume slyly.

Perrot's breath whistled between his teeth. "A hundred crowns! That is indeed a sum to sleep on," he admitted. "But this kidnaping. How would you do it now?"

Guillaume glanced at little Kate. The child, listening wide-eyed, shrank from his look. The little fat man laughed harshly. "There is our little Kate. She is a fair decoy. What say you, comrade?"

As they all laughed Kate covered her white face with trembling hands. Once before she had helped Guillaume kidnap a child. It had been long ago, but she could not forget. She had stood outside the noble mansion and sung a trifling song at an hour when the servants were all at table. The little daughter of the house had heard it, and had opened the ponderous door and poked out a rosy, curious face. Seeing only a child like herself, she had smiled and run out with her hands full of oranges. They had smothered her in a dirty cloak and stolen her away.

Kate rose suddenly as if it hurt to sit still. As she wandered across the room she could hear the wind like a wild thing trying to escape.

"Kate! The door!" howled Perrot.

The child ducked as Perrot sent the heavy bunch of keys flying at her head. With mouth set in a hard line the child unbolts and unlocked the door.

A monstrosity big man ambled in. He had a round, stupid face and a vacant smile. His head was covered with light, reddish hair and he wore an unkempt beard. He was dressed very fantastically in soiled green and scarlet and wore an old cape edged with moth-eaten fur. One glance at his clothes would have told you that he was simple, even if you had not looked into his vacant eyes. This was Torto, the dumb, whose mouth could never utter the wickedness and folly of his world; whose ears could never hear brutality and worse.

"Torto!" cried Kate in welcome. She was very fond of the good-natured giant.

Torto grinned and went across to the table where Perrot and the others sat. Still grinning he held out a hand full of coins. People gave money to Torto because he amused them.

"Wine, Kate! Quickly, oh leaden-footed!" ordered Guillaume.

Kate hurriedly filled the heavy mugs with the dark red wine and, two in each tiny hand, staggered across the floor.

"Worthless one!" muttered Casin as she reached their table with the mugs.

"So this kidnaping is a bargain?" asked Guillaume, gulping down his wine.

"You will play fair?" Perrot muttered.

"By all the saints!" swore the other.

"What do you say, Perinet?"

Perinet nodded lazily. He had forgotten all his cares for the moment in golden wine. Poor Perinet! It was like that with him. He would have been quite good and gentle if life had been kinder.

Kate, smarting from a casual box on the ear bestowed by Perrot, retired miserably to her corner.

Suddenly just outside the inn a dog howled. The men started uneasily. Henri Baulde woke from his slumber with a curse. The unearthly sound split the air for a long minute.

"Bad luck!" said Perinet with a shiver.

"Bah!" shrugged Casin Chollet, though it was to be noticed he also shivered. "I was with a friend of mine in the prison at Orléans when the Duke and Duchess visited the city and in their honor we were released. The night before their entrance to the city we heard a dog howl."

"Ha! You and your friend were in luck," grinned Guillaume.

"I was with Villon, the poet," said Casin. "You know him, Perrot?"

"I have heard of him. A strange man," said Perrot.

"Brave!" chuckled Guillaume.

"A madman!" said Casin.

"Such a voice!" nodded Guillaume.

"He could sing your heart away," said Perinet.

"You forget I am a poet also!" cried Henri Baulde, swaggering over to the table. "This François is nothing to me! He is half devil and half fool. Me—I am sensible! I make pretty songs and sell them to widows!"

They all laughed. But outside the inn, howl after howl rose in eery monotone from the frightened dog.

### CHAPTER II

#### Kate's Knight

"To-day is the *Fête Dieu*," said Perrot one day a few weeks after the events narrated in the last chapter. He was leaning over the bar, his one evil eye fixed on little Kate.

The child lifted imploring eyes. She was busy weaving a basket and her slim hands still flew as she spoke. "Perrot, it is a religious feast day. It will be bad luck. I feel it."

Perrot chuckled hoarsely. "Bah! Every time that is your whine. You will go—you understand? There will be many sous about. We are good Christians that we relieve people of their burdens. I shall expect perhaps two crowns. Go!"

Kate rose and put aside her unfinished work. She went for her cloak and Perrot unlocked the door and let her out.

The crazy, narrow lane looked almost clean in the soft radiance of an early summer day. Kate walked along casting wistful glances at the scattered patches of sunshine (Continued on page 34)



*Even in the Life of the clever Business Girl*

## Dishwashing has its Moments

THE amazing fact has been unearthed that when girls go into business they don't give up dishwashing, as you might expect. In one of New York's biggest office buildings, 75% of the business girls wash dishes at home.

And they actually say they don't mind doing the dishes—that dishwashing has its good points—if you use Lux.

It's true that the girls who always use Lux for dishwashing have lovely smooth white hands.

As Miss Elsy Stephans, private secretary to the vice-president of a large company, said:

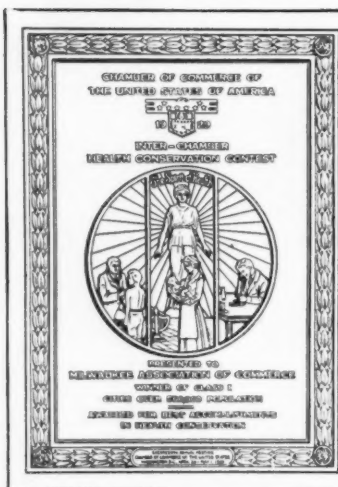
"I find that Lux keeps my hands looking lovely. The suds feel so soothing and bland, and my hands really look smoother and whiter after washing dishes than before! I like to wash dishes for that reason—for with Lux my hands get beauty care right in the dishpan."



**LUX for Dishes**  
**Keeps Hands Smooth**  
**and White . . .**

Send in your What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine Contest ballots and letters!!

# "Business is Business"



Sketched from Bronze Plaque Awarded to

## FIRST PRIZE WINNERS

in the Inter-Chamber Health Conservation Contest held under the auspices of  
THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE  
OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN . . . CLASS 1	Cities more than 500,000
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK . . . CLASS 2	Cities 100,000 to 500,000
EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY . . CLASS 3	Cities 50,000 to 100,000
WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK . CLASS 4	Cities 20,000 to 50,000
SIDNEY, OHIO . . . CLASS 5	Cities under 20,000

SOME years ago it was thought that Big Business had to be hard-hearted in order to be successful. Today, people know better and employers have learned that they get more faithful service and are more successful if their employees are contented and healthy.

Today we take comfort in the assurance that medical and health scientists, philanthropists and humanitarians have the solid backing and support of the biggest business men in the country. And, modestly, Big Business gives as its reason for lending its powerful, invaluable support—"business is business".

Cities which have promoted and are promoting far-sighted health programs are reaping rich rewards. Their citizens are happier and their cities offer attractions to new industries and to people of wealth and leisure.

When the Chamber of Commerce of the United States offered prizes last year to cities which would do most to improve health and sanitary conditions, 140 cities entered the National Health Conservation Contest. This year it is expected that a larger number will compete for the Bronze Awards.

Statisticians estimate that there is an annual loss in the

United States of billions of dollars due to the needless loss of lives. When these lives of valuable workers are sacrificed, their families suffer and the cities in which they live are made poorer.

If you live in a city which wants to reduce its deathrate, your city's business organization (Chamber of Commerce or Board of Trade) may obtain the active cooperation of America's greatest business organization, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

Last year health experts visited 80 of the cities which entered the National Health Conservation Contest.

Your community may obtain the advice of such expert health counsel as may be needed, free of charge. A trained health expert will visit your city and search for danger spots. He will make recommendations for a constructive health improvement program which you can help to carry out.



For full information regarding health programs and the National Health Conservation Contest, the Secretary of your Chamber of Commerce or other similar body should address the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States at Washington, D. C.

**METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

## Vagabond's Ward

(Continued from page 33)

that regilded the faded gables, that made little rainbows of muddy puddles. Walking swiftly she made her way to the square in front of Notre Dame. Here it was only too easy to steal.

The square was unimaginably beautiful that day. Crowds of people stood or wandered about waiting for the procession of the *Fête Dieu*. Horrible beggars from the Court of Miracles dragged their ragged bodies about, whining softly and watching with shrewd, quick glances for a sign of pity. Students from the university, nimble of finger and pert of tongue, swaggered four abreast. A detachment of soldiers marched by very orderly, the sound of their tramp, tramp mingling with the church bells that in turn melted into the rattling of signs all along the way. Paris was telling little tales every minute. A fine gallant wrapped in a soft cloak stood meditatively before one of the temporary altars reverently decked with sweet smelling blossoms and lighted wax candles. An elegant lady very bright of mouth and eye, gowned in crisp, colored silk, came by on horseback. The gallant saw her, hurried forward. My lady stretched out her pale hand gleaming with jewels. He bent and kissed it.

Kate sighed longing hands at this. How she would love to have been that lady with her head very high and her fingers blazing with color and glory. She was almost directly in the center of the square and as she stood there, jostled by people of all degrees, she lifted her eyes to the great rose window like a sea of fairy light over the central door of the cathedral.

Strolling on she passed a three story wagon giving a play called *The Three Kings*. Not many people were gazing at it because it had been given so very often they had tired of it. Passing this, she heard the luring voices of cymbal and lute. A clown rolled by, laughing.

Kate sighed. She was hot and thirsty. The air felt good for there were fewer people here, but resolutely she turned back again toward Notre Dame. To pick pockets where there were few crowds was madness! Too, she must hurry now or the chances of bringing home Perrot's two crowns would be small. She reached the center of the square again and as she reached it, people all about her began to fall back. As Kate fell back too, she saw that a handsome litter carried by four lackeys in embroidered satin was approaching. They paused directly in front of her which was also directly in front of the central door of the cathedral. As the child stared with all her might, the ruffled curtains that shielded the inmates of the chair from too curious eyes, were drawn aside.

"I am going into the cathedral, Philippe," said a voice, very delightful for its youth and clearness. Kate stared, entranced. She had often seen grand ladies before, but never one quite so beautiful. The lady stepped from her chair, waving aside her lackey's offered help. She was sweet as a hawthorne tree in May and she wore a flowing robe of softest

Do you like story books? Then look on page forty-eight and see how you can earn one

rose. It was, thought Kate, the color of summer twilight. Her long sleeves whose pointed edges nearly touched the ground, were trimmed with fleecy, gray fur and a zone bound about her waist flashed its glittering jewels in the sunshine. Beneath her tall, steeple-shaped headdress her face was most beautiful. It was heart-shaped and colored a sweet, soft golden, like the skin of some Eastern princess. Proud it was and wilful with the dark eyes flashing and the red lips curling. But loveliness sang in those same eyes and showed itself in teeth like little pearls. And there was her hair falling in silken lengths as black as night.

Kate softly clapped her hands as the lady rustled past her. Then suddenly she darted forward and bending picked up a velvet ribbon that had fallen from the lovely lady's sleeve.

"Please!" she cried.

The lady turned. Her eyes widened as she saw the beggar child. "Did you speak to me, child?" she asked.

Kate nodded and held out the ribbon. "Please—it fell," she whispered humbly.

She of the rose gown hesitated a moment. Then, her eyes laughing, she said: "You may have it, child."

Kate's upturned face grew very white. She looked from the dainty bit of ribbon to the proud, young lady and her lips quivered. "You are good as well as beautiful," she said worshipingly. Then she stooped and brought the edge of the rosy train to her lips.

As the lady stood staring at the bent, golden head, white herself now, someone in the crowd laughed bitterly. The lady turned and apparently recognized the laughter for her eyes flashed angrily and she caught the train over her arm with a jerk. Head erect, she marched into the cathedral with never so much as a further glance for poor Kate.

The child rose and looked about to see if she might find the one who had sent her beautiful lady flying in such wrath. But there was no sign of a laughing face and she slipped away. She still held the ribbon and she stroked it gently. Then with beating heart she fastened the ornament upon her coarse grey dress. How it glowed and the wee gold threads in it sparkled! But it did not make stealing easier. She had almost forgotten that.

She sidled up to a portly citizen in a richly furred cloak. He was talking to someone and his broad back was to her. Deftly she put out a practiced hand. Then it dropped to her side. The portly citizen had moved ever so slightly and Kate saw that he was speaking to a little girl who could not have been more than five years old. She ran from the awful temptation.

As she ran, suddenly someone behind shoved her roughly aside.

"Out of my way, gutter scum!" snarled a voice.

Kate looked into the gleaming eyes of a black-robed Jew. She drew herself up contemptuously. "I move not at your bidding!" she said.

The Jew glared, but did not reply. So was his race hated, at that time, that he dared not attract attention by quarreling even with a little beggar girl. So he shuffled on. (Continued on page 36)

# Nancy Dell announces

a corner  
for girls  
who want  
to be  
popular



First of all, I want you to know that I firmly believe two things. One—that every girl *should* be popular. The other—that very nearly every girl *can* be popular.

If you disagree with me or don't believe what I say or have any personal questions, I want you to sit right down and write me a long letter about yourself. And then we'll see what's what about *you*.

This corner is going to be an open question box. I want you *all* to write to me. The more questions you ask me, the more lively and in-

teresting and helpful the corner is going to be.

Right now, I'm going to give you a hint of one thing I'm going to prove to you a little later on. That is, that you're going to find Keds more helpful in making you a popular girl than probably any other one thing.

How? I'll tell you later. Right now, what I want is for *you* to ask *me* questions. Why aren't you as popular as you want to be, and how can I help you? So start right away. Send your letters to Nancy Dell, Dept. KK-100, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

NANCY DELL

Keds "Minerva"—This smart oxford has white or suntan uppers with colored trims to match sports costumes.



Keds "Diana"—This athletic Keds style, shown at the bottom, laces clear to the toe and is especially good for gym work.

## Keds

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The Shoe of Champions

The name "Keds" is stamped on all genuine Keds. Look for the name and be sure. Keds at \$1, \$1.25, \$1.75, and up to \$4. The more you pay the more you get—but full value whatever you spend.

United States Rubber Company

Christmas is coming! Watch for gift suggestions in The American Girl



## When you sew on MOTHER'S MACHINE

...help her  
keep it  
NEW



It's easier than you think. Just oil the working parts with 3-in-One. Then run it a minute or so until 3-in-One cleans out the old, gummy, dirty oil. Wipe off this old oil, and put in some fresh 3-in-One. Then the machine runs like new again!

Three-in-One cleans and lubricates; also prevents rust and tarnish. It does three jobs at once, and because it is blended from three different oils, does each one better than any ordinary oil ever can.



All good stores; handy cans and bottles. Write today for generous free sample.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., Dept. 118  
130 William Street, New York  
Factories: Rahway, N. J., Montreal, Que.

## 3-in-One Oil

### ! GIRL SCOUTS !



### Where's Your Badge?

A Girl Scout Badge is more than a mark of beauty for your uniform. It's an emblem proclaiming your loyalty and service to the order and laws that you stand for. Badges signify honors you've received... wear yours and be proud that you can claim them!

Girl Scout Badges are well made and attractively designed by

**Lion Brothers Co., Inc.**

World's largest Emblem manufacturers  
Baltimore, Md.

Sold only through Girl Scout National  
Equipment Headquarters, New York.



For \$1.85 we will send prepaid the above GENUINE INDIAN BRACELET hand hammered out of sterling silver by NAVAJO and PUEBLO INDIANS of New Mexico, and set with genuine, high grade turquoise matrix, together with leaflet illustrating and explaining symbols used by Indians in decorating silverware, pottery and blankets. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory.

SOUTHWEST ARTS AND CRAFTS  
Gans Bldg., Santa Fe, N. Mex.  
Indian Traders and Wholesalers

## Vagabond's Ward

(Continued from page 35)

Kate crept after him. For once she did not mind stealing. Her eyes burned angrily. As her prey passed a darkish corner she put out her hand and ran light fingers across the broad black sleeve. Yes, a purse! She drew it out and turned to dart away. Then steely fingers dug into her shoulder.

"A thief! A pickpocket!" shrieked the Jew.

A large crowd quickly gathered.

"My money! My purse! Stolen!" he lamented, all his caution forgotten. He shook Kate until her teeth chattered.

"Mary intercede for me," she whispered with trembling mouth, as a sergeant of police brushed impatiently into the center of the circle.

"What's this! What's this?" he growled.

"A thief, your Honor!" wailed the Jew. "This beggar stole my purse of good Spanish leather filled with— with—!" Too late he hesitated.

"Hand it over!" commanded the sergeant, his eyes gleaming.

"But why?"

"Evidence! Hurry old skinny-shanks!" grumbled the sergeant.

The hapless Jew complied and the sergeant, pocketing it, caught Kate roughly by the hair. "This one shall never pick pockets again, I promise you!" he said and started to drag her away.

"But my gold!" wailed the Jew.

"Call for it at the head provosty," shouted back the sergeant cheerfully.

The poor man turned away. He knew that he would never dare show his face at the provosty on penalty of death. He was robbed alike by law and outlaw.

Kate dragged along the muddy ground by her shock of hair, wept piteously. "Please . . ." she implored her captor's broad back. For answer he turned and boxed her ears. "Shut your mouth! One less of you there'll be for the good of Paris!" he growled and hurried his pace.

A student had been watching the entire scene from a secluded archway. He was a queer looking person dressed in doublet and hose of shabby green. As he lounged ungracefully against the stone wall he seemed a common enough fellow, neglected black hair streaming in untidy wisps from his rakish hat; two slim brown hands clasped lazily behind his head. But if you glanced closer . . . there was something about him that held your puzzled interest. Was it the whimsical air of lordliness that sat so queerly upon his shabby person? Or was it the face you saw upon your closer look? That face . . . full of power and beauty it was, like bugles blaring in the splendid sunlight. Whatever you were it called you. It was thin and sparkling and tanned almost to black by exposure. It wore a thousand expressions, now grave, now gay, but laughing impishly beneath them all and always a little weak and easily swayed, as the mouth showed. So he stood, this student in green, and watched Kate sobbing in the wake of her cruel captor, her footsteps weary.

He followed them down the crooked

lane, his eyes glancing backward a moment. They were in the *Porte Rouge*, a quiet street devoted to the homes of priests. It was beginning to grow dusk. The student, following the two in front, passed a noble white horse. It was magnificently saddled and bridled, evidently the mount of some great lord paying a visit to his religious confessor. Beside it a sleepy lackey leaned idly back against the stone wall. The student grimaced impishly as his eyes fell upon the lazy and far from thin figure of the sleepy servant. Very softly he approached the horse. He was almost abreast of it when the lackey suddenly opened his eyes. Then the student acted. Quicker even than thought he leaped for the horse. Before the aroused lackey could even call out, the incredibly daring deed was accomplished.

The student astride the horse, his hat gone and his hair floating wild in the wind, galloped madly down the old lane while behind him men poured out of the house in front of which the lackey had slumbered, filling the air with their oaths.

As the horse thundered behind him, the sergeant looked back with an expression of annoyance which rapidly changed to fear. Without a moment's warning and as the mighty steed flashed by, the sergeant felt rather than saw a wild figure swoop over him. Then the child was torn from his grasp and, falling backward in his stupefaction he hit the earth—sharply.

And Kate? Kate flushed and bewildered, her arms aching from their cruel wrench, a smear of blood across her face from a cut lip, lay quivering, caught up into some unknown haven.

They had ridden for what seemed an eternity before the child dared to lift her head. Timidly she peered over her rescuer's shoulder. It was nearing dusk, she saw, and they were riding swiftly. The air was washed a lovely greenish blue. The queer tortuous lanes were lit with now and then a flaring tallow candle like a lost star. It was beautiful with the cold music of bells chiming the hour. Streets rushed past. They were leaving behind only a trail of dust and laughter.

Then at last woodland loomed before them and they stopped. There was silence a moment before Kate, lifting her eyes, gazed timidly into the face above her.

"Oh!" she whispered.

"Why do you say 'Oh!', mademoiselle?" asked a gay voice. It was like the sound of a flute, thought Kate.

"You—you—," she stammered, then burst into tears of wonder and weariness combined.

The student stared down at the wet, tired, dirty little face in silence for a moment. His eyes were gleaming queerly. Deliberately he took out a soft bit of colored cloth. This he wet with water from a flask. Then very tenderly and softly he began to wash Kate's face. When his task was done, he laughed.

"In truth, mademoiselle, I thought you were beautiful!" he cried.

Kate smiled shyly. "Why did you?" she softly asked her debonaire captor.

"The Girlhood of Edna St. Vincent Millay"—coming in November

"Did I what?" he teased her gently. "Rescue me? What am I that you should care what becomes of me?" she wondered.

The face above her grew hard, then soft, but Kate saw the mouth tremble. "You see, you kissed my lady's garment," he explained and his voice was reverent.

Kate remembered the lovely lady who had given her the ribbon and she gasped. "You laughed!" she accused him suddenly. "I know now it was you who laughed!"

The other looked green for a moment which was because his skin was so dark he could not pale. "I laughed! True! What then?" he said coldly.

"Why did you? She is beautiful, like an angel," said the child, her eyes shining at the remembrance of the exquisite creature.

"Tis evident you've never been to Heaven if you call her an angel," he sneered.

"Yet you saved me for love of her," said Kate.

Again his face darkened angrily and a smoldering light came into his eyes. "Enough of this! Tell me your name," he commanded harshly.

"I am Kate," she said.

"Kate," repeated the other. He looked far beyond her into the dim woodland. "It is here, too," he said almost to himself. "She is Katherine. Katherine!"

Kate looked almost as unhappy as her strange companion. "Then I am her namesake, though she knows it not!"

"She saved your life though she knows it not," he retorted.

Kate lifted those wide eyes of hers, really beautiful for the moment. How they glowed as she spoke! "You came riding like a knight, messire, and saved me."

"Another Roland?" asked the stranger with a careless laugh and a lift of his expressive eyebrows.

"I have never heard of Roland," said Kate humbly. "But once of a knight I did hear. It was long ago and very wondrous. It seems like a dream now. There was a *jongleur* telling the tale of one very courteous and gentle to all. Of how he rescued a maiden in distress and saved many poor people from a hideous dragon. I have never forgotten that knight."

"I see. So then I am to be your knight?" he asked.

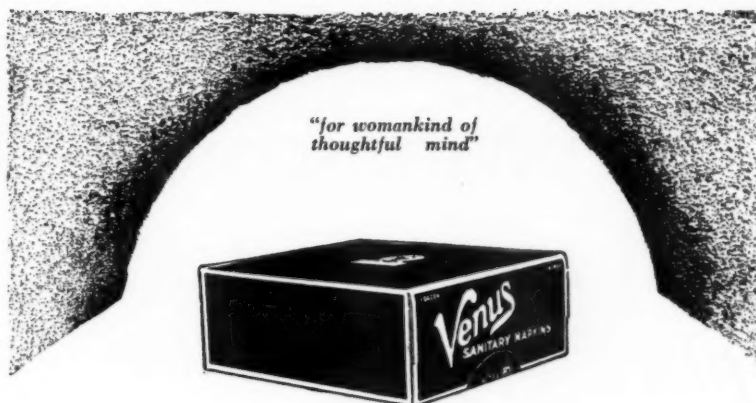
Kate looked timidly into the thin, dark face. It was utterly without expression. "I . . . I am only a thief, though indeed I like it not. Perhaps you would not care that such as I should be so bold."

"Indeed, it is the other way!" quoth the stranger airily. "But if the lady deigns, I am her knight for all eternity!"

Little Kate flushed rosily. She had heard of eternity. It meant forever. "M . . . may I know your name, messire?"

The black brows drew together in a whimsical frown. "Well, why not? I am François Villon, beggar and poet!" he said.

François Villon, rogue and knight, poet and thief, but always romantic and debonair, brings adventure to Kate.



## The ECONOMY—

in serving for more hours than the usual kinds is just one of the many proved advantages of Venus Sanitary Napkins. Others are: the real cotton filling which has always been the best known absorbent; the knitted yarn cover (not gauze) which holds the cotton firmly in place; and the special shape which fits invisibly under the smartest costumes. There are more which a trial will prove.

**VENUS**  
CORPORATION  
1170 Broadway, New York

424 So. Broadway,  
Los Angeles, Calif.

The  
**"MONEY EARNING PLAN"**  
for  
**CHURCHES—SOCIETIES—SCHOOLS**  
No money needed to start. Quick Sales—  
Good Profits. For information write  
**CHARLES R. DAVIS**  
Established 1905  
P. O. Box 45-S Newton Centre, Mass.  
This Business is Conducted on a Friendly Basis and  
in Accordance with the Golden Rule

**How Rashes Do Itch!**  
Bathe freely with  
**CUTICURA SOAP**  
Anoint with  
**CUTICURA OINTMENT**  
Relief and Healing Follow  
Price 25c. each. Sample free.  
Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 9K, Malden, Mass.

**M.G.C. CLASS PINS 35¢**  
**FREE CATALOG**  
Either pin, silver plate . . . 35¢ ea.  
Sterling silver or gold plate . . . 50¢ ea.  
for 2 colors enamel, any 3 or 4 letters & dates  
Lower Prices on Dozen Lots  
**BASTIAN BROS. CO.** 953 BASTIAN BLDG. **ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

Don't miss this interesting article about one of America's foremost poets!

# "With the score tied and two minutes to play... we shot the winning basket"

"We all expected a hard game with Willoughby High but we had no idea how fast it really would be. Right up to the last two minutes we were tied. Just for a second the field opened up near our goal and Nan Williamson, our forward, dodged into position. Two of us got the ball and shot it to Nan, who hit it in the general direction of our basket. It hit on the rim and rolled. Then, just before the whistle blew, it dropped in."

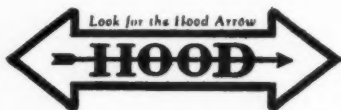
**Whether you're camping, hiking, boating or . . . PLAYING BASKET-BALL—You'll Have More Fun in Hoods!**

Hoods are shaped to give your feet free action. Strong canvas uppers and a special narrow shank support the ankles and arches. Several of the better grade Hoods have a thick sponge cushion heel that prevents heel bruises. Hoods are made with Smokepe, Tire Tread and Moulded pattern soles for firm footing and long wear.

HOOD RUBBER COMPANY, Inc.  
Watertown, Massachusetts



**THE GYMSHU** An especially constructed Hood athletic shoe for girls. Uppers are of long-wearing white army duck with white trimming. Comfort toe with ribbed toe-cap. Smokepe sole; Hygeen insole; sponge cushion heel. The right shoe for indoor and outdoor sports.



Write Hood Rubber Company, Inc., Watertown, Massachusetts, for the Hood Book on Indoor and Outdoor Sports.

Have  More  Fun  in  Hoods

**HOOD MAKES CANVAS SHOES • RUBBER FOOTWEAR • TIRES  
RUBBER SOLES AND HEELS • RUBBER FLOOR TILING**

## "Boot, Saddle, to Horse, and Away!"

(Continued from page 27)

If a fallen tree should lie across the path they must take it in their stride. The jumps are very low at first, but before the year is over they can jump as high as three feet six. Then they are ready for real cross-country work, sure that the whole wide world lies waiting for them to explore. What are fences, barriers, fallen trees to them now; just obstacles to fly over on the wings of the morning and light safely on the other side. In true Girl Scout fashion they are taught to consider one another, not to crowd at the jumps but to take each one quietly and in due time. One stirrup is kept long so that they may hop on and off at will; frequently they ride with no stirrups at all. They want to be ready to dismount for they often do their nature work while riding over the fields. If they want to find a wild strawberry bed rumored to be some ten miles off, it's "Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!" Or if they have heard of a screech owl's nest hidden in the woods, there are the horses to take them to it. There isn't a pleasanter way to study the trees than while riding through their sunlit shadows.

But this is not the only Girl Scout Mounted Troop. There are others, now, notably the Shongehon, horse leader, which is Troop Six of Oakland, California. This was also founded by Miss Cress after she left Fort Leavenworth.

A group of about twelve girls from various Oakland High Schools had been taking riding lessons together, and one of their number suggested that a Mounted Girl Scout Troop be formed. Miss Cress agreed to be their captain. The girls were surprised to learn later that she had previously been the captain of a mounted troop at Fort Leavenworth.

As the troop was essentially an outdoor group, names and colors for it were chosen from Indian lore. Red, trimmed in a running stitch of white and black, was to be the color of the ties. The troop name was to be Shongehon, horse leader, from the language of the Blackfeet, and the patrols were named Running Wolf and Many Tail Feathers.

Regular meetings were held, tests passed and demonstrations given. Finally the troop was expert enough to enter a horse show in which several of the group won ribbons.

In the early spring, when canyon streams were bubbling with water and the girls were ready for their outdoor cooking and firebuilding, the troop added knapsacks and saddle packets to their riding equipment and rode into the hills for a picnic. There they studied the trees and flowers, cooked, passed their firebuilding tests and demonstrated various cooking and council fires.

Both these troops have earned that proud appellation: horsewomen. They really know and love horses, and, in addition to their knowledge of riding they have learned the forty-five points of a horse and how to groom and care for him.

Hand in hand with the Thanksgiving turkey in November will come a Jo Ann story—



## Marian Hall and Diane Tate

(Continued from page 11)

Of course, she must know color and design; she must know rugs and fabrics; she must know period furniture and what fabrics complement what furniture. For instance, she should know that the upholstery for a Directoire sofa should be of a pattern suggestive of the Directoire influence, and be able to recognize it when she sees it; or, that a slip cover for an Early American chair would be most suitable in quaint chintz or some pattern gaily flowered. In addition she must understand how to complement architectural details—how to make low ceilings look higher, tall windows appear less gaunt and how to accentuate light and shade in a room by certain colors and fabrics. No girl is born with this information; it comes with study and experience; and until she has acquired it she is of little value in any shop.

"Selling experience is important because it teaches her how to deal with customers. In a small shop this may be more difficult than in a large one, for the smaller shop does not offer the variety of materials from which the customer may choose and there are fewer clerks to please her. There is a distinct psychology in selling in which service is more important than advice. It is dangerous to think you know too much and to try to thrust your ideas too vigorously on the customer. She has her own taste; try to follow it and you may be surprised to discover her taste is as good as your own. There are some customers whose taste you must guide, and some whose taste you must follow, but the clever decorator influences her clients so tactfully, so subtly, that when the room is finished the owner believes that everything that is in it was of her own choosing.

"Decorating is of necessity an expensive job. The woman who can afford to turn it over to a professional must have money; but it is a mistake to think she is of the *nouvelle riche* class with crude, uncultivated tastes. Interest in beautiful houses has grown tremendously of recent years. It is my experience that the woman who is eager to beautify her home is a woman of intelligence and discrimination; I have the greatest respect for her taste. If her ideas don't agree with mine, instead of challenging them I try to discover the reason that lies behind her choice. Why is it she wants her walls tinted instead of beautifully papered? Or, why does she prefer to hang them with tapestries instead of with pictures? If I can get her mental attitude it will be easier to please her, and the room that fails to please the customer is all wrong—no matter how beautiful you think it is. After all, it is her house, her walls, her rugs and hangings and it is she, not you, who must live with them.

"The decorator must know many crafts and have at her command ability in many lines, if she is to swing a big job. The end of February, just past, a client said to me, 'I have just built a house in Newport. I want to turn it over to you after the plastering is finished; I want you to decorate it completely and have

it ready for me to move in July first and give a dinner party for fifty guests the first evening.'

"This was a large order, particularly in view of the fact that it was April before the painters were out and three months was scant time for the task before me. To complete it I needed an understanding of carpentering, plastering, painting and the finishing of floorings and ceilings, as well as of hangings and furnishings. I had to direct a gang of workmen, be tactful with someone else's servants and, if the butler was unwilling to move the furniture about, I had to do it somehow myself. So you see, the good decorator must be healthy and strong.

"Particularly, she must be resourceful enough to meet the emergency that is bound to arise in any job; accidents will happen even under the best management. No matter how carefully you plan your work something unexpected always happens. One spring I was given the order to decorate a beach club at Southampton. Everything was running along so smoothly I was sure there could be no snag but when, just before the opening of the club, I came out to inspect the final result, picture my consternation to find a bright orange carpet in the big entrance hall instead of the beautiful sapphire blue one which we had arranged for! When I came to investigate the source of the error I found it had been caused by a mistake in one tiny figure. The carpets had been ordered from the wholesale house by number. The sapphire blue rug was 601 but the order, made hurriedly and written late, read instead 106. Hence the orange carpet had arrived and in my absence had been laid down. At that late hour there was nothing to do but to leave it and make the change at the close of the season. Fortunately blue and orange are complementary colors so the effect was not so disastrous as though the carpet had been mauve or plum.

"Another time I had ordered the side rail of a handsome mahogany bed lowered—but in putting the pieces together again some thoughtless workman had changed it so that the beautiful carving on one end was reversed and concealed against the wall. This discovery was made about an hour before the family moved into that house, so I had to hustle about and, with what help I could get from the servants, take it apart and put it together correctly. However carefully you make your plans, no job goes through without hitches."

And now I could see my time was up. The telephone was ringing and both Miss Tate and Miss Hall had other appointments. Reluctantly I took my leave, although I should have liked to tarry longer in that cool, pleasant room and learn more about the business—this fascinating business of interior decorating.

"Thank you for your good advice," I said. "If I were really planning to be an interior decorator, I'd probably be besieging you for a job in your shop."

"It's always crowded at the bottom," said Miss Tate, "but there's plenty of room at the top." With this last idea in mind I stepped out into the summer heat.



### Here's the PEPPY dish for you

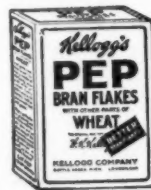
ON these crisp, autumn days start off with a crisp bowlful of the cereal with the famous flavor—Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes.

Look how sun-brown and tempting these delicious flakes are. Revel in their matchless taste. Get all the energy their wholesome whole wheat gives you. Eat them for their extra bran. There's just enough to be mildly laxative—to help you feel fit all the time.

Then you can tell the world that Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes are the best you ever ate. A treat any time. At breakfast—lunch—after school—and at night.

In the familiar red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

*Kellogg's*



**PEP  
BRAN  
FLAKES**

IMPORTANT—Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes are mildly laxative. ALL-BRAN—another Kellogg product—is all bran and guaranteed to relieve both temporary and recurring constipation.

*Ellis Parker Butler is cooking up more mischief for Jo Ann and Tommy Bassick!*



*From a Kodak negative*

# This BADGE . . . now easy for You to Win

Send Coupon for Free Booklet that Lists the New Simplified Requirements and Makes Valuable Suggestions to Help You Meet Them

**Y**OU can be the proud wearer of this interesting-to-win Photographer Badge. The qualifying requirements have been simplified—and with the official Girl Scout Kodak your chances are considerably improved.

To help you, the Eastman Kodak Company has prepared a booklet, "How To Win The Photographer Badge." Its regular price is 20 cents. The coupon below brings it to you *without charge*.

The Girl Scout Kodak, officially approved by Headquarters, was designed especially for Girl Scouts. It comes in the regulation shade of green with a case to match. Both bear the Girl Scout insignia beautifully embossed.

This new Kodak is convenient to carry on hikes as the case has a slit

through which to run your belt. Both Kodak and case are finished to withstand hard wear and weather. The Girl Scout Kodak takes pictures  $1\frac{3}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$  inches. The price complete with case is only \$6.

*Two Views of the New Girl Scout Kodak with Case*



*Durably Made to Withstand Wear and Weather*

*See it at your Kodak dealer's*

Send now for the free booklet; see how easy the new requirements and the new Girl Scout Kodak make it for you to win the Photographer Badge.



EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY  
Rochester, New York

AG-1030

GENTLEMEN:

Please send me, free, your book, "How To Win The Photographer Badge," regularly 20¢.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y.

*If you like little Kate in "Vagabond's Ward" —*

## Kidnaped

(Continued from page 20)

Scout hand book she's so devoted to, and we have been signaling to each other at night after we have gone to bed. My window faces hers, you know."

Scatter had a bundle under her arm wrapped up in a poncho.

"Why the poncho?" I asked.

"Oh, that's for Nancy to sit on," Scat answered quite earnestly. "I'd hate to have her catch cold at our party. And here's some bloomers and a middy and a pair of sneakers for her. You take them, Frosty, and slip around to the side door. Knock twice, like this, and Nancy will let you in. I'm going to the front door and I'm going to ask for old Gargoyle. When she comes, I'll keep her talking while Nancy puts on these clothes. When she is ready, you two go out the side door and slide over the back fence. I'll join you there and we'll beat it for the Council Bowl."

It sounded simple enough, and I began to edge my way around to the side door of the Greenough's enormous house. Scatter had left me and was stalking up the front path as bold as brass.

I tip-toed up the side steps, my heart half choking me. Everything was very still and I raised my hand to knock. Luckily Nancy opened the door a little ahead of schedule, and she pulled me to my feet and into a little room beside the door. I heard Scatter in the front hall politely asking for Mademoiselle.

"Put these clothes on, quick," I hissed to Nancy. "Make it snappy!" She knew all about it and in a few moments she stood forth looking as much of a hiker as either Scatter or I.

The murmur of voices in the hall seemed to come nearer and what was our horror to find, when we started from the room, that Gargoyle and Scatter were in full sight of our refuge and slowly coming nearer. Scat must have been dragged in, sorely against her will, for she had the look of a cat that has been leashed.

We were trapped as far as the side door was concerned, but the window beside us was open, and I steered Nancy to it.

"Jump!" I commanded, and she did so, me after her. But even as I leapt, I froze with horror, for I heard Mademoiselle say, "I weel let you out zee side door, leetle girl," and footsteps were loud in the hall.

"Squat down," I yelled to the terrified Nancy. As she did so I threw the poncho over the hump she made and stood in front of it, trying to look as much like a waiting friend of Scatter's as possible.

"Oh, there you are, Scat," I remarked carelessly. "All set?"

She looked appalled, and Mademoiselle looked suspicious.

"Come on," I said. "Give me a hand with our duffle here. It's awfully heavy."

Gargoyle looked at us for a moment, and we ceased to breathe. It seemed hours and hours and we were lost to all hope. But she went in at last banging the door behind her, and we breathed

again. Then praying that she didn't peer out the window at us, we three simply tore around the back of the house, over the fence, and so off for the woods.

"More fun, more people killed, more blood on the floor!" gloated Scatter when we were finally clear of the town and striking cross-country. "I'll bet Hibiscus is having spasms and nervous heart failure by now." And we agreed with her.

Well, we found the troop all right, and had a corker time trailing all over the place. Then we played stealing flags, and Nancy fell into the brook that was the boundary between the sides, and got herself simply filthy, and tore her socks.

Before it began to get dark we started to cook and, wow, but those kabobs and bacon and twists smelled mighty good.

Just as the food was ready, there was a great commotion in the bushes and who should crash in on the scene but my dear old Guffin. Dad must have gotten home with the car and let him out. Of course I was thrilled to see him, and so was everyone else, but our joy was short lived. For there was more crashing in the underbrush and ploughing into our midst came Gargoyle Hibiscus.

"My cow!" groaned Scatter, turning slightly pale. "She must have followed Guffin. Now what do you know about that?"

Mademoiselle made a bee-line for Nancy and pounced upon the luckless child like a fury. Cappy had gone to our commissioner's house, to ask her to dine with us, so we were undefended.

The Frenchwoman finished off her charge with a good shaking, and then she turned upon Scatter.

"Bad weeked, girl," she shrieked like a steam calliope. "To lead zees leetle child away from home to zees so dirty place. Eet ees a lucky zing I see zat ugly dog go slipping down zee street. I follow heem, and now I weel have you arrested, imbecile child, and you weel be put in jail where you belong."

Scatter jerked herself away from the odious grasp, and Guffin who had been sniffing around the larder, came charging into the *mêlée*, barking at the top of his lungs, just tickled to death at having a go at the enemy that had kicked him in the ribs. I grabbed him by the collar, and at that moment Cappy arrived on the dead run to take charge of the affair. Her short hair all a rumple, our captain was far from being either a commanding or dignified character. However, she did succeed in calming things a bit.

"What's going on here?" she demanded in that appalling voice that makes things happen instantly. Mademoiselle shut up like a trap, and I put my hand around Guffin's mouth. He backed up between my feet and collapsed on the ground, looking very foolish with his tongue hanging out. Nancy crouched back against Scatter, waiting to be hung, drawn and quartered, I guess, when in upon the scene with its background of girls and kabobs, came striding from the night, none other than Miss Greenough, our peerless (Continued on page 42)

## Something to sniff at

ONE sniff of its clean odor — and you'll know why Fels-Naptha makes any washing or cleaning easier. And quicker. There's naptha in Fels-Naptha. You can smell it — plenty there! This naptha, and good golden soap working together, give extra help — loosening stubborn dirt and washing it away without hard rubbing. Ask mother to try this extra help for sweeter, cleaner washes.

### FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR  
WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

## Warburton House

Philadelphia's Newest Hotel

EXCLUSIVELY FOR WOMEN

Within walking distance of theatres and shopping district

Ideal stopping place when enroute to seashore resorts, New York or Washington

Single rooms 2.00 to 4.00 a day  
Double rooms 4.00 to 5.00 a day  
Weekly rates

20th and Sansom Streets  
PHILADELPHIA

## IN BROOKLYN

Official headquarters for Girl and Boy Scout clothing and accessories is at A & S — where a special department awaits you.

**ABRAHAM & STRAUS INC.**  
BROOKLYN

## FANCY LEATHERS for Craft Workers

A 3-cent stamp brings you samples

Sold by the half or whole  
skin and cut to measure.

Tools and Designs, Snap Fasteners to Match Leathers, Sphinx Paste, Lacing Punches and Leather Lacing.

W. A. HALL

250 Devonshire St.

Boston 9, Mass.

You will be sure to like André who appears in the November instalment





## Here's Money for Fall Fun!

You're always sure of plenty of fun in October. School games . . . hikes . . . parties—and then Hallowe'en is such a very gay ending.

You're probably already planning to go to the masquerade as a gypsy . . . a Spanish girl . . . or what? And how jolly it will be to pay for your costume yourself and have some left over for spending money!

Our Girls' Club can help you earn the money and glorious prizes to help you enjoy your fall fun.

Then when you plan a party you'll feel independent when you can pay your share from your own purse. You'll enjoy buying a new hat with your earnings . . . you'll be happy when you start a bank account of your own.

*Doris B. says:* Within two weeks after I joined The Girls' Club I had earned \$8.50 for a new sports dress, and besides, I won a string of prize pearls that make me feel so dressed up.

*Edna S. writes:* I have earned \$5 for a pair of shoes. Unless I'm very much mistaken, Club Dollars will pay all my fall expenses.

We want you, also, to know the joys of earning money and fascinating prizes. Won't you join us? The coupon brings all the details.

Manager of The Girls' Club  
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY  
1108 Independence Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.

Please tell me how to earn for fall fun.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## Kidnaped

(Continued from page 41)  
and beloved Girl Scout commissioner. "Just what is the explanation of this, Mademoiselle?" she inquired in a voice that cut cold as a knife blade.

"No, that will do." She held up her hand for silence as the Frenchwoman started off again at a great rate. "Keep quiet, and let Nancy explain. What are you doing here, my dear?"

Nancy spoke up in a small, shuddery voice.

"I—I asked Sarah Atwell if I could come with her. I—I slipped out the side door when Mademoiselle wasn't looking. I—I want to be a Girl Scout, too."

Scatter stepped up and put her arm around the trembling girl, and I stepped up to the other side.

"That isn't true, Miss Greenough," Scat said bravely. "I asked Nancy to come with us. She'd not have known anything about it otherwise. I gave her these clothes. They're mine. In fact I'm afraid we rather kidnaped her. I wanted to get even with that old gar—with Mademoiselle there. She—she—I don't like her."

"Oh, so that's it, is it?" Miss Greenough's voice sounded as if it might have a laugh in it as she turned to speak to Cappy.

"How about it, Helen? Do you know anything about this business?"

"No," said Cappy. "It's all news to me. I knew that Scatter and Frosty had Nancy with them today, but that's all."

Miss Greenough became brisk again. "Mademoiselle," she said, "you may go now. If my brother is anxious about Nancy you may tell him that she is at a Girl Scout meeting with me."

With the air of a venomous serpent the governess glided forth from our ken.

"Now for you two culprits." Miss Greenough looked us over sternly. Old Guffin growled a little, deep down in his throat, and crowded against my legs.

Miss Greenough laughed.

"That's all right, old man," she said. "I'm not going to hurt them. Helen," she went on, turning to Cappy, "I'm going to leave these two girls to you. They're yours to discipline as you see fit. I will admit that Mademoiselle can be trying at times, but it has been necessary to have her here in charge of my brother's household until his wife can return from Switzerland. I hope that her authority will not be interfered with again."

Scatter kicked at the embers of the fire and I began to pull Guffin's top knot into a crest. We were both feeling somewhat ashamed of ourselves somehow.

Miss Greenough went on.

"This child," she said, drawing Nancy to her, "has lived abroad all her life, and has only been in this country for a very short time. But in that time, I happen to know, she has breathed and lived nothing but Girl Scouting. I can vouch for the fact that she knows her Tenderfoot test perfectly. She has gotten hold of a handbook, and has read it from cover to cover many times. Up to now I have said nothing about her joining

a troop, as her mother has not been at home. But yesterday I talked with her father and I have his permission for her to become a Girl Scout whenever she wishes.

"I am going to ask you if you will make her a member of Troop Seven right here and now. Captain Mason, are you willing to waive the requirement that a candidate be present at four meetings before being invested, and enroll my niece as a member of your troop?"

Cappy didn't answer her commissioner, but turned to the two patrol leaders behind her.

"How about it, Red Wings and Beavers?" they called.

And we replied as one, "Yes!"

And so there took place by the side of the camp fire in the woods, the most impressive investiture that I have ever seen. I really and truly felt solemn and almost weepy, standing there beside Scatter in the Red Wing Patrol. We made a horseshoe around the fire, and our patrol leader took Nancy to where Cappy and our commissioner stood at the open end of the oval.

Cappy's voice was very gentle as she spoke to her.

"What does your honor mean to you, Nancy?" she asked.

The same investiture we had heard so many times before, but with a strange new meaning this time somehow, as it made this girl from overseas one of us.

"Honor—honor," Nancy stammered a bit. Her voice had a pretty, foreign tone to it as she spoke. "Honor is what makes me do right. It's the finest thing in the world, I think."

"Do you promise on your honor to do your duty to God and your Country, to help other people at all times, to obey the Girl Scout laws?"

Nancy's voice was steady and low as she made her promise. We all came to the full salute.

"And I," said Cappy, "trust you on your honor to keep this promise. This pin makes you a member of the great sisterhood of Girl Scouts and Girl Guides throughout the whole world. It is the symbol of your scoutship. Its three parts stand for the three parts of the promise you have made. Like your honor it must always be kept bright."

Cappy pinned her own tenderfoot pin on the front of Nancy's blouse and shook hands with her, while we in the background burst into the Promise Song.

Nancy returned to our patrol and Scatter broke the tension by loudly demanding a cheer for the new tenderfoot, which we gave with a will. Also one for our commissioner and captain.

By that time we were hungry and howled for our eats, which we got on the spot. And while we ate them, Scatter chuckled to herself over her kidnaping, not in the least crushed by the thoughts of the judgment to come.

"But honestly, Nancy," Scat remarked as she wiped all signs of her last kabob from behind her ears and handed her crumbs to Guffin. "I really don't like that governess of yours, do you?"

Kenneth Payson Kempton is back again with a thrilling pirate story—

## Girl Scout Week Comes

(Continued from page 29)

"The week beginning Sunday, May twenty-sixth, was given over to the Girl Scouts. On that evening the three troops appeared in uniform at the Memorial Day service. Posters were made by volunteers and placed in the store windows, and contribution boxes guarded by Girl Scout dolls were placed in the stores that the public might show its approval by contributing to the purpose of Girl Scout Week. Each of the troops displayed some of its work during the week, picturing nature, camping, canning, housekeeping, and knot-tying.

"On Memorial Day, all the Girl Scouts marched in a body in the parade and made a fine showing. The events of the week were enjoyable to both the townspeople and the girls themselves. A card party was held for the older people; a dance for both young and old was given where booths for selling candy, popcorn, and ice cream again proclaimed the ability of the Girl Scouts. The best of all was the food sale at which the cakes, pies, bread, cookies, salads, and preserves were auctioned by the best auctioneer in the vicinity, who offered his services. Everything sold at an astonishing price and hot coffee and doughnuts were sold to all who wished to buy. It was discovered through the contribution boxes that the Girl Scouts have many unknown friends."

### A Window Demonstration

Given by the Girl Scouts of Pawtucket!

Pawtucket, Rhode Island citizens were given a good chance to find out what "this Girl Scouting business is" through the activities of Troop Two. Doris Gray tells us:

"The Girl Scouts in the city of Pawtucket held a demonstration in the window of Shortenburgh's, the Pawtucket store that carries Girl Scout equipment.

"The girls carried out various Girl Scout requirements such as nursing and bandaging. Several girls set a table in the correct manner, another girl ironed, and still another cut out a dress by a paper pattern. A large and very much interested group gathered around the window of the store.

"When the girls had finished they left the window until more people appeared. Then they gave the demonstration a second and third and fourth time for other groups of onlookers.

"We feel that after this the people of Pawtucket must realize how worthwhile Girl Scouting really is."

**Editor's Note:** Keep THE AMERICAN GIRL in mind when you do interesting things during Girl Scout Week this year. Then, as soon as the excitement is over send an account of the best features and pictures to us so that your troop may be represented on these pages next year. Remember, we can't have peppy Scribes' pages without your cooperation! And you may be the *Star Reporter* for that month!



## Best hiker of them all

—yet she always used to lag behind!

TODAY Dot's string of merit badges is the envy of her troop. Yet only a year ago she was just average in everything she did. One cold after another kept her run down. Killed her energy. Forced her to take a back seat.

Then she learned, from a statement made by the Life Extension Institute, that 27 germ diseases may be spread by hands. She began to use Lifebuoy—the soap that removes germs and helps protect health.

That was the beginning of Dot's come-back. Now she has learned how to keep fit—thanks to Lifebuoy!

### That outdoor complexion

Lifebuoy is great for complexions, too! You'll love the way it leaves your skin clear and fresh—satin-smooth—glowing with radiant health. Prevents body odor. Makes you feel peppier. Its extra-clean scent—that vanishes as you rinse—explains why!

Let us send you the interesting Wash-up Chart and a trial cake of Lifebuoy. A great little check-up on your training habits. They're *free*! Just mail the coupon.

ACTUAL  
SIZE  
8 x 10½"

free



Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 3310  
Cambridge, Mass.

Please send me a Lifebuoy Wash-up Chart and trial cake of Lifebuoy—both free!

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# LIFEBUOY

• FOR • FACE •



• HANDS • BATH •

PROTECTS HEALTH

STOPS BODY ODOR

"My Brother the Buccaneer" appears in the November issue!

## THE GOLD SHOE



By GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL

Spoiled Tasha Endicott loses her taste for cocktails and cigarettes when she meets Thurly and his lovely old mother. His gentle strength reveals the true way of life. \$2.00

## TALES OF A GRANDMOTHER

By GEORGE SAND

Translated by Margaret Bloom

Five long and inspiring stories which a famous French author wrote for her grandchildren and which never before have been translated into English. 12 color plates and many black and white illustrations. \$2.50

## MERRIDY ROAD

By JANE ABBOTT

The fine story of Dicket Farth and her friendships. By a writer famous for her sympathetic understanding of girls. 4 illustrations. \$2.00

## LIPPINCOTT

Washington Square • PHILADELPHIA

## PLAYS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

### COMPLETE NEW CATALOGUE

Send for our latest FREE catalogue describing thousands of short and full length plays, including latest Broadway successes for colleges, schools, clubs, societies, churches, etc.

### SELECTED LIST OF SUCCESSFUL PLAYS

Send for this special booklet describing over one hundred plays particularly adapted and recommended for amateur production. These plays have proved successful in high schools, colleges, churches, clubs, societies and wherever else they have been produced.

Fill in this coupon and mail today

SAMUEL FRENCH

25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

811 W. 7th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me Free of charge ☐ Complete new Catalogue ☐ A Selected List of Successful Plays.

Name.....

Address..... A.G.10

**Art Corner Your Pictures—Album** in an  
where you can keep them safe and enjoy them always.

**Engel**  
Styles **Art Corners** Colors

are on sale at Photo Supply and Album counters everywhere. They are the only Quick, Easy, Artistic, No Paste, No Fold way to mount Kodak Prints. A dime brings 100 and samples to try. Write Dept. 4G. ENGEL MFG. CO. 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago

**10¢ Buys 100**

**SCHOOL & CLUB RINGS & PINS**

From \$1.00 up. Send for our 24 Page Catalog showing hundreds of Rings and Pins at Factory prices. Rings made to order; designs free. C. H. GROUSE COMPANY 125 Bruce Ave. North Attleboro Massachusetts



## Babs the Bookworm

THERE is this By SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH

also edited by Miss Moore? That's such fun one can't

about recommending books on Hallowe'en Eve," said Babs, as she welcomed the girls to her gaily decorated living room. "Some of them are mystery stories, and those that are not strictly so somehow appear to me tonight from that angle."

"You can't prejudice us against them by any such introduction!" cried Alice. "I don't know why mystery stories should be so fascinating, but they are, aren't they, girls?"

There was an enthusiastic assent.

"Particularly," said Kate Prosser, "now that school has begun in earnest, and it's so hard to settle down to our work. Weekends and a good mystery story—somehow I like that combination!"

"There's a reprint of a classic which undoubtedly belongs with the ghost and mystery stories," Babs said, "but which is so far superior to those of today that my one excuse for grouping it with the others is to induce you to make your own comparison. The book is *The Bold Dragoon and Other Ghostly Tales* by Washington Irving (Alfred A. Knopf)."

"Washington Irving!" exclaimed Kate. "And I counted on reading it during weekends! From what I know of his style, I'd best reckon on a full week at least."

"Wait!" warned Babs. "These *Ghostly Tales* have been selected and edited by Anne Carroll Moore, head of the young people's department of the New York Public Library. Miss Moore is so devoted a lover of Washington Irving that she has been able to free the stories from the detail to which some of you object, thus adding to their interest and readability. They are more witty and more thrilling than ever, in their new version, and they have been illustrated by James A. Daugherty, who draws to perfection the sinister 'black gentleman', the puffing burghers and the frowning pirates in whom the tales abound. He's truly at home with Washington Irving—did you ever see his *Knickerbocker's History of New York*,

help valuing that edition doubly for his drawings. Now in honor of Hallowe'en I have two other mystery stories here, but don't expect anything nearly so fine as *The Bold Dragoon*. The first one is *Mystery of World's End* by Helen Berger (Longmans, Green). *World's End* is an estate in Hawaii to which Peter Dunn is sent in order to regain his health. Because of a very serious accident, he is nervous and low-spirited, so his uncle, with the help of his lively family, manufactures a mystery for him to unravel. Peter, who has for months been treated as an invalid, is given pretended responsibilities which, in the skilful hands of the author, soon turn to real ones. There's a comic and lovable girl heroine, nicknamed Pug, who will, I imagine, appeal to you, and plenty of mysterious thudding footfalls and banging doors. *Wind on the Prairie* by Leonora M. Weber (Little, Brown) transports us from Hawaii to Hash Knife Ranch on the Colorado prairies. The ranch is a very real place, as are the motherless children and their topsyturvy household run by Posy, a cowboy. There are interesting scenes in the book—of Mary and Emerson caught in a blizzard, of Caruso, the greedy sheep, of Whistler Strause and his beloved Ivanhoe. Just how Posy could keep himself enmeshed in his mystery in these salutary surroundings is a little difficult to account for, but if we could do so, there would be no mystery and half your interest in the book would be gone."

There was a sigh from a corner of the room where the bright orange candles burned near a great vase of bayberry.

"My, what a sigh!" exclaimed Babs. "Don't you like mystery stories, Rose?" "Oh, it isn't that," disclaimed Rose earnestly. "I was only wishing that you could suggest some book which could be equally good for reading, or for telling the stories to our younger brothers and sisters. (Continued on page 46)

Special attention will be given to books in November—



## The Almost Perfect Food

(Continued from page 21)

intestinal disturbances. Raw milk is rich in Vitamin G which does much to help us keep feeling vigorous, and which prevents sallow and muddy complexions, makes wounds heal quickly and plays a part in keeping the teeth in good condition. Vitamin C is the vitamin that works with lime and phosphorus to prevent rickets by making fine bones and teeth.

In short, the money that you invest in a quart of milk saves doctors' and dentist bills, to say nothing of helping to make you look beautiful and to keep you feeling fit and happy. In addition to this, there is no waste in milk, for even sour milk has its uses. You may take your milk raw, or you may concoct it into many delicious, healthful and easily digested dishes.

Milk has two or three minor weaknesses which you must take into account. It is rather low in iron. A quart will supply less than one-sixth of the daily quota. Hence, milk must be supplemented by eggs, by spinach, by meat and other foods containing iron. It is also low in Vitamin E and must be combined with breads or breakfast cereals made of whole grains. Pasteurized or boiled milk is low in C, so when this milk is used, the diet must contain also either oranges or tomatoes or raw cabbage.

It spoils easily so you must learn to care for it properly. The outsides of the milk bottles must be washed before going into the refrigerator. Milk poured into a pitcher must not be returned to the bottle. It absorbs odors readily and must be kept covered and cool at all times except when put in a warm place to sour.

But you say, "My family does not like milk—it is so tame and uninteresting in appearance and flavor." That is where the second part of your program comes in. It is not enough to buy the right foods. They must be served to appear so attractive and to taste so delicious that the family literally cries for more, and this is quite possible with even the most ordinary of foods. All that is required is a little ingenuity. So, if the family dislikes the flavor of raw milk, it can be served in a great variety of ways—in beverages, in soups and chowders and scalloped dishes, in vegetables, custards, timbales and desserts innumerable. For this reason, I am giving you several new and interesting recipes in which milk figures largely.

### Cocoa

3 tablespoons cocoa     $\frac{3}{4}$  cup hot water  
4 tablespoons sugar    1 quart milk  
few grains salt

Put cocoa, sugar and water into the top of a double boiler and mix to a smooth paste. Set over the fire and cook until thick. This cooking is one of the secrets of good cocoa. Care should be taken, however, that the cocoa does not burn or boil over. Then stir in the milk and let it come to the boiling point again. Watch it care- (Continued on page 47)



## Do you know these writers?

William Beebe  
Stephen Vincent Benet  
Arnold Bennett  
Thomas Boyd  
Willis Cather  
Gilbert K. Chesterton  
Padraic Colum  
Warwick Deeping  
Walter De La Mare  
Robert Frost  
Zona Gale  
John Galsworthy  
Hamlin Garland  
Philip Gibbs

Rudyard Kipling  
Selma Lagerlof  
Stephen Leacock  
Joseph C. Lincoln  
Vachel Lindsay  
Emil Ludwig  
John Masefield  
Andre Maurois  
Edna St. Vincent Millay  
Christopher Morley  
Eugene O'Neill  
Agnes Repplier  
Edwin Arlington Robinson

Rafael Sabatini  
Carl Sandburg  
George Bernard Shaw  
Elsie Singmaster  
Sara Teasdale  
Albert Payson Terhune  
Henry Van Dyke  
Hendrik Willem Van Loon  
Hugh Walpole  
Herbert George Wells  
Edith Wharton  
William Allen White  
Owen Wister

The stories, articles, poems, and essays of these modern writers are appearing fresh from their pens in current periodicals. Wouldn't you like to become acquainted with them? If so, ask your mother, father, or teacher to write for details of a new plan. It is called the Current Literature plan. This method is being used in thousands of schools today—stimulating a keen interest in current reading.

### SPONSORED BY

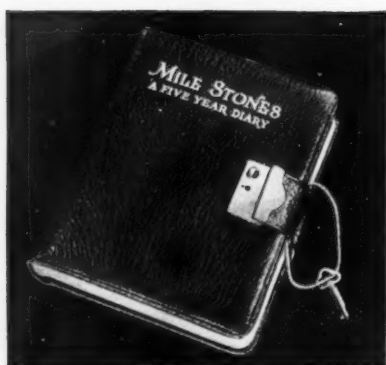
Atlantic Monthly  
Bookman  
Scribner's  
Forum  
Boys' Life  
Christian Herald

World's Work  
Harpers  
Golden Book  
Saturday Review of Literature  
The American Girl  
The Commonweal

## CURRENT LITERATURE

PUBLISHED BY AMERICAN EDUCATION PRESS  
COLUMBUS, OHIO

Don't miss what Babs has to say



## A TREASURE CHEST of memories

DANCES, theaters, parties, rooting for your hockey, football and basket-ball teams—what glorious times girls enjoy. School days are so busy. There is so much to remember. No wonder we forget.

But Standard Diaries help you to remember. They keep a permanent record of all those events you wish to treasure for the years to come. "Mile Stones," particularly, is just the Diary that any girl would be proud to own. Locked with a golden key, it keeps snoopers from reading your intimate secrets. Each page has space for separate entries for the same day for five consecutive years. What fun it will be to look back, year by year and day by day, and live over again the good times you have had. Mile Stones, No. 1444, is exquisitely bound in staggained glazed leather in rose, blue and green—your choice of colors. Modestly priced at \$2.50. (Slightly higher in the Far West.)

Should you prefer an Annual Diary, or any other style, your stationer will gladly show you the fine assortment of Standard Diaries. Or a request will bring you our illustrated booklet, describing them all. If you wish to order direct, use the coupon below, sending \$2.50 with your order, and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

THE STANDARD DIARY COMPANY  
26 Blackstone St., Cambridge, Mass.

### STANDARD DIARIES

To your dealer or  
THE STANDARD DIARY COMPANY, Dept. E-1  
26 Blackstone Street, Cambridge, Mass.

- (1) Enclosed find \$2.50 (check) (money-order) for Standard Diary "Mile Stones," No. 1444. Blue \_\_\_\_\_ Rose \_\_\_\_\_ Green \_\_\_\_\_
- (2) Send illustrated booklet of the Standard Diary line.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## Babs the Bookworm

(Continued from page 44)

Really, very often the twins ask me for that kind of thing, and I don't know what to give them."

"Dick and Dorothy are about ten now, aren't they?" asked Babs. Rose nodded. "Well," answered Babs, "here is one, at least, which seems to me ideal. Children who like to have stories told them really have no age limit, Rose—if you're ever lucky enough to attend some of the story hours in the public libraries, you will see how eagerly the big brothers and sisters, as well as the little ones listen. A *Baker's Dozen* by Mary Gould Davis is a collection of stories which have been told many times to library audiences. There are tales to suit all kinds of tastes, for those who like to shiver, laugh or wonder, originally written by such magicians of the pen as Lawrence Housman and Frank Stockton. *Toby Tyler, or Ten Weeks With a Circus* by James Otis (Harper) is a new edition of an old favorite. Although it seems strange for us nowadays to hear about the ill-treatment a runaway boy had to suffer during the elegant eighties, the story of Toby's adventures with the cruel Mr. Lord and the kindly circus freaks and Mr. Stubbs, the monkey, is of enduring interest to many older as well as younger children. A book of an entirely different type, and a story of our own days, is *The Boys and Sally* by Rose B. Knox (Doubleday, Doran). Sally, who appears to be nine or ten years old, and her little brother, Van, visit a Southern plantation and take part in its many interesting activities. Sally is a lively, inquisitive little girl and introduces us to many amusing aspects of plantation life. I'm sure the twins would enjoy that book."

"You spoke of my old friend Toby Tyler's pet monkey," remarked Linda. "I wish you would tell the girls about this book, which has as one of its characters the only noble monkey I've ever read about."

Babs took from Linda's outstretched hand *Rama, the Hero of India* by Dhan Gopal Mukerji (Dutton). "With pleasure," she said. "Whenever a foreign country especially fascinates me, I find that a knowledge of its folk-lore, however slight, gives me an approach to it which no travel-books or lectures can. *Rama* is the tale of India's great hero, him of 'the lotus-shaming eyes', and of how he and his bride, Sita, were exiled from their kingdom by treachery. With Rama's devoted brother, Lakshmana, the three endure their exile with its attendant sufferings none of which is so dreadful as that of the kid-

napping of Sita by the demon Ravanna. She is rescued, most convincingly and thrillingly by the great Hanuman, 'that priceless monkey' and, their exile over, Rama and Sita return to rule over their adoring subjects. The author is one of those who have won the Newberry medal, which is presented yearly for the most distinguished book written for young people. *Rama* is a book of great beauty and clarity—I know you will love it."

"How about some regular girls' stories now?" wheedled Alice. "You know—the kind the salespeople give you when you tell them you're fourteen and they get that 'How-well-I-remember-that-age' look in their eyes. Usually their selections are lightweight but entertaining."

"A 'Bold Dragoon,'" supplied Babs. "You never seem to tire of that kind, do you, Alice? Well, you're not alone there, and many authors are encouraging you to 'Obey that impulse'."

"I know what you mean," added Babs. "This month there is *The Silver Shell* by Mary Ellen Chase (Holt), a bit sentimental but with good points. We have a Judy as heroine—that name appears to be a favorite for 1930. To Judy's lonely island in Maine the tide carries a beautiful and exotic silver shell, which for Judy symbolizes the far-off wonders she yearns to know about. With the aid of a beloved teacher new worlds open to her, and her ambitions are realized. *Golden River* by Margaret Young Lull (Harper) is a story of a feud over the levees of California. Marta Van Vleet sees her father's faith in them justified, and in the course of the story is transformed from the school roughneck to a charming girl with a secure place in the affections of many worthwhile characters."

"There's one more book written especially for girls which surely your friend the salesperson would have added to her sales, Alice, if she'd had the genuine 'How-well-I-remember-your-age' feeling. It is *Jobs for Girls* by Hazel Rawson Cades (Harcourt, Brace). That is a vital subject for all girls, and there is seldom practical help in so attractive a form. Miss Cades describes a variety of jobs, their possibilities and the right approach to them, in a most clear, concise and illuminating manner."

AMERICAN GIRL readers know Miss Cades through her good looks pages in the magazine."

"We will now," announced Alice, the Irrepressible, "issue our own limited edition of a special holiday number. Instead of *Jobs for Girls*, will you review *Bobs for Apples*, published tonight?"

"I will if you'll be the heroine," said Babs, promptly immersing Alice's head in the Hallowe'en bucket.



Horse trading may be horse trading, but you can't fool Em or Pinto—

## The Almost Perfect Food

(Continued from page 45)

fully while it is on the stove and see that it does not boil over. Add the salt. When it is hot, beat with an egg beater until the top is covered completely with foam. This is to prevent a scum forming on top. Cover, set over hot water to ripen. A little vanilla may be added if desired or a bit of stick cinnamon cooked with the milk.

For iced cocoa use four tablespoons of cocoa and five or six of sugar. To serve, fill glasses with chopped ice. Fill with the hot cocoa and top with whipped cream and a maraschino cherry. Left-over cocoa may be used successfully instead of milk in making egg nogs, custards or bread puddings.

### Egg Nog

1 egg                      ¼ teaspoon vanilla  
2 teaspoons sugar      1 cup milk

In order to make a good egg nog, all the ingredients should be thoroughly chilled. Beat up the egg, add the rest of the ingredients and beat until well mixed. Pour into a glass and serve at once. For a chocolate egg nog add two tablespoons of chocolate syrup to the beaten egg and proceed as for straight egg nog. For cocoa egg nog use a cup of cocoa instead of milk.

### Cream of Corn Soup

1 tablespoon butter      1 teaspoon salt  
or other fat              ½ teaspoon pepper  
1 can of corn or two      1 quart milk  
cups green corn          2 tablespoons butter or other fat  
1 pimento                  2 tablespoons flour  
1 small onion

Put the butter in a saucepan. Drain the corn. Put the corn, onion and pimento through the food chopper and add with the liquid from the corn and the salt and pepper to the melted butter. Simmer gently until the onion is cooked. (If green corn is used a little water should be added to take the place of the liquid from the canned corn.) Add the milk. Cream the flour and fat and dilute with a little hot milk to a smooth paste. Pour into the soup and stir until it boils. Serve in bowls or cups. The flavor may be varied by adding celery salt, a teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce or a sprinkling of grated cheese. It is also improved in appearance by adding a tablespoon of whipped cream and a dash of paprika. This is really a luncheon or supper soup and, served with toasted cheese sandwiches or hot cheese biscuits, makes the main dish of the menu. This plus lettuce salad and a fruit dessert and a beverage makes a well balanced meal.

### Corn Custard

2 tablespoons fat          2 eggs  
½ green pepper            1 pint milk  
minced (may be          1 teaspoon salt  
omitted)                  ¼ teaspoon pepper  
1 onion minced            per  
1 can corn                  4 slices cooked  
¼ cup bread crumbs      bacon

Fry out the bacon slowly, pour off the fat and (Continued on page 49)

More  
than just  
"wanting to win"



Every girl in the race "wants to win",—but "wanting to" isn't enough. Strong muscles and steady nerves win the hundred yard dash.

That's why Shredded Wheat is the choice of the girl who not only "wants to win", but *does*. It gives her in one delicious dish all the elements of a well-balanced diet.

A bowl of Shredded Wheat every morning will help to put you up among the winners. Start training for winning today!

## SHREDDED WHEAT



## An "Outdoor Girl Size" Knife

### The ULSTER OFFICIAL GIRL SCOUT KNIFE

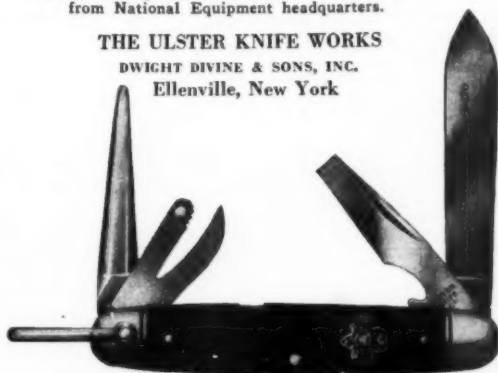


"The real fun of Scouting lies in the great life of out-of-doors, and the call of the woods is answered more quickly by the Girl Scout than by anybody else, because she learns just how to get the most out of all this wild, free life and how to enjoy it with the least trouble and the most fun."—*Girl Scout Handbook*.

*Ulster*  
KNIFE CO.

It's very nice and proper for a girl to own a dainty, pearl-handled pen-knife. But the outdoor girl wants a knife that's made of "sterner stuff." That is why the ULSTER OFFICIAL KNIFE was designed and that is why it has won unusual popularity. Its bone stag handle with Girl Scout insignia and nickel trim is just the right size to fit the capable hands of outdoor girls. The cutting blade is strong and keen. Sturdy screw-driver, bottle-opener, can-opener, combined punch and scraper—you can imagine the many uses you will have for this splendid knife. Buy it now at your local dealer or from National Equipment headquarters.

THE ULSTER KNIFE WORKS  
DWIGHT DIVINE & SONS, INC.  
Ellenville, New York



One-half actual size

As you'll see in November's Flying Crow Ranch story, "The Temperamental Topaz"!



CONSTANCE



MARY



JANET



BERNICE



MARGARET



PRISCILLA



## You Know One of These Girls

Perhaps not under the name that she is called here. She is the girl you go to school with, who lives next door or around the corner, who likes the same things you like and who is jolly good fun.

## Does She Know "The American Girl"?

If not, tell her about it. You enjoy it, and she would, too. Tell her that *Jo Ann and Scatter* will continue to appear during 1930. Tell her that the new serial, "*Vagabond's Ward*" is one of the most exciting and romantic stories we have had. (You can take our word for it.) Also tell her that there will be special features in November and December—articles on people, clothes, Christmas gifts, that she can't afford to miss.

## Then, Ask Her to Subscribe

Fill in the blank below and send it to "The American Girl" with a check or money order for \$1.50 for one year.

## And You Will Receive Your Reward

I HAVE INTRODUCED  
NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY OR TOWN \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

to "The American Girl". Enclosed is \$1.50 for her subscription. Please send a copy of The Girl Scout Short Story Book ( ) First Edition ( ) Second Edition (check which) to me as an award—

MY NAME IS \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Also send me a premium list. I know other girls who might subscribe ( ) (check here if you want list)

Which is a free copy of The Girl Scout Short Story Book, the first or second edition.

Of course, if you know more than one of these girls and collect more than one subscription—or if you get two-year subscriptions at \$2.00, you may choose other prizes. Remember, your own subscription does *not* count. We will send you a premium list, if you will write for it. But you will surely want a copy of The Girl Scout Short Story Book, so begin by going after that *one* subscription. And hurry, too—for the supply of books is limited.

*There is no food quite so versatile as the lowly egg—*

## The Almost Perfect Food

(Continued from page 47)

measure out two tablespoons into the frying pan. Add the onion and green pepper and cook for five minutes. Stir in the corn, crumbs, salt and pepper. Beat up the eggs, add the milk and beat again until well mixed. Combine the two and pour into a fireproof baking dish. Sprinkle with chopped bacon. Set in a pan of hot water and cook in a moderate oven until the custard sets, that is, until the blade of a knife stuck in the center comes out clean. It must not be over cooked or it will whey out which spoils its appearance. It should be served in the dish in which it was cooked. It may also be cooked in custard cups and if more eggs or bread crumbs are added, these may be turned out on the plates and served with a tomato or cheese sauce. But it saves time and effort to serve the custard in the cups in which it was cooked. Other vegetables may be used instead of corn. Left-over cooked fish may also be salvaged and used in this way.

### Banana Float

2 cups hot milk  $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon salt  
2 eggs or three egg yolks  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar bananas  
dates

Beat the eggs, add sugar and salt and beat again. Stir in the hot milk and cook with constant stirring until the mixture coats a spoon—no longer or it will curdle. Cool and stir in the vanilla. When ready to serve, slice the bananas. Pour the custard over them. Garnish with the dates, stoned and cut in pieces.

To make an orange or peach meringue, use only the yolks for the custard. Pour over sliced oranges or peaches. Then beat the whites until very stiff. Beat into this six tablespoons of sugar. Spread this meringue on top of the custard and set in the oven to brown. For cocoanut custard add three-fourths cup of grated cocoanut to the hot custard.

### Chocolate Custard

1 square of chocolate  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of hot water  $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon salt  
2 eggs or 4 egg yolks 2 cups milk  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla

Melt the chocolate over hot water, stir in the water and set over the fire and cook until smooth and thick. Beat up the egg, sugar and salt. Add the milk and beat again. Add gradually to the chocolate and stir until the mixture thickens enough to coat the spoon, not longer or it will curdle. Cool and stir in the vanilla. The process is hastened if the milk is scalded first. Pour into glass desert dishes. Serve with whipped cream and chopped nutmeats.

And now to our marketing. About all that most of us know concerning the buying of milk is that each morning it arrives at our door and the bill comes at the end of the month. We never stop to consider



how far it has traveled, with whom it has associated, or what processes it has undergone before it appeared as if by magic on your doorstep this morning.

It may have left the cow forty-eight hours before and traveled anywhere from ten to five hundred miles. In the meantime, it may have been cooled, separated, tested for butter fat and bacteria, pasteurized, cooled again, bottled and shipped to a central station before reaching your door via the morning milk man. And why should this be of interest to you? There are several reasons. One is that milk is easily diluted by adding water. You may not be getting your money's worth. Also it is as easily polluted, and not always by harmless dirt which is merely unpleasant, but by disease germs. It has been known to carry germs and cause epidemics of typhoid and scarlet fever, septic sore throat and tuberculosis. These germs may come from infected cows, from people who handle the milk, from the water used in cleaning the utensils or from other sources.

In the lesson for this month you should find out the following things about this nutritious food:

1. Where does your milk come from, the farm, a nearby plant, or is it delivered to your community from some distant railroad center?

2. Does it come from an inspected herd, that is, one that is free from all disease?

3. Does it come from an inspected plant—one in which the milk is produced under the best of modern sanitary conditions?

4. Is it pasteurized? This is important to know first, because it kills disease germs and second, because pasteurized milk is low in C so if pasteurized milk is used, this vitamin must be added to the diet in either tomatoes or oranges. All these are important safeguards of health and, therefore, should be taken into consideration in planning the meals for one person or a family.

Milk is available for household uses in three other forms, evaporated, condensed and dried. One pint of evaporated milk is equivalent to about a quart of fresh milk. It usually keeps better and is sometimes cheaper than fresh, and it can be used in just the same way, so it may be well to investigate the comparative cost of fresh and evaporated milk in the grocery stores of your vicinity.

Condensed milk is sweetened and though it cannot be used in as many ways as evaporated or fresh milk, yet it has its uses. Dried or powdered milk should be used while fresh as it has a tendency to become rancid if kept for very long after it is opened. It is excellent to use when camping out because of the ease with which it can be carried. It also is an excellent way to add to the nutritive value of breads, cakes and other foods.

## Never before such fun on HALLOWE'EN Exciting Plans FREE!



WOULDN'T you like to surprise your friends this Hallowe'en with all kinds of spooky thrills and sparkling fun? You can! Just mail the coupon and Dennison will send you FREE new plans, ideas and instructions—everything to make the day a happy event. Here are clever ideas for invitations, for gay decorations and costumes, for exciting games and stunts, for favors, prizes and novelties.

Dennison's materials for Hallowe'en and every other gay event, at home, club, church or school are ready and waiting for you at department and stationery stores, and many drug stores.

Send now for the free plans. And why not let us include the Party Magazine (Hallowe'en number) or some of the books listed in the coupon?

DENNISON'S, Dept. 27-X  
Framingham, Mass.

Please send free plans for our Hallowe'en Party.

Name.....

Street or R. F. D.....

City..... State.....

To get the Party Magazine (Hallowe'en Number) enclose 25c and check here.....

Why not let us include some of these famous Dennison books? Check those you want and enclose 10c for each.

.....Crisp Paper Costumes.....Decorating Halls & Booths  
.....Children's Parties.....Games for Children's Parties  
.....Money Making Parties.....Adult Games and Stunts  
.....Stunts & Amusements.....Party Table Decorations



## HANDY HEAT!

Boils  
Fries  
Broils

ANYWHERE  
ANY TIME..



Make candy with Sterno! Many other uses, indoors and outdoors. Warms baby's milk, handy for camping, picnicking. Heats curling irons. Absolutely safe. Burns solid. No smoke, sparks, cinders. Your dealer has the new Sterno 3-in-1 Combination—enameled stove, cooking pot, heat and extinguisher—all for 98¢. For introductory Sterno Stove and new Cook Book, mail 10¢ to Dept. 1710, Sterno Corp., (Est. 1887) 9 East 37th St., New York City.

Licensed by U. S. Govt. for use only as fuel



Scientific research now offers you a sensationally new training—amazing in results. Marvelously resultful "guided practice," right in your regular work, insures beautiful work—eliminates nerve strain, increases speed and ends afternoon fatigue. For beginners as well as experienced typists. Not taught in business schools. Offered direct-by-mail only, under supervision of scientific discoverers. Act now to get scientific fascinating FREE BOOK, on this nerve-saving, pay-raising method. NEW ERA TYPING, INC., P-40 Columbia Bldg., Springfield, Ohio.

Watch for Winifred Moses' discussion of "Eggs, Their Place in the Diet" next month

## The Fork in the Road

(Continued from page 24)

again after rambling for a while, till at last they both meet in the same place—just above Whichways? Don't you see, dearest, that it's that kind of fork you and Fiona have taken—two sorts of road that lead to the same place?"

"Oh, Mother dear!" Faith flung her arms around her mother. "I've been such a selfish beast. Yes I have. Oh, Mummy, you've saved everything for me."

### CHAPTER X The Years Go On

"Time stays, we go," said the sundial in the garden of Whichways. The sundial had not always been there; Michael Updike had added it, as all that the garden lacked. It, and the garden, and Time, had stayed—the Updikes it was who had gone, and left Whichways to its rightful owners. More than four years had passed since so many incidents had centered around the return of Dr. and Mrs. Keene to America; and Mr. Glenway had left his lucrative editing and returned to his beloved acres and his equally beloved book writing. He was no longer unknown; his books were of the sort that advertise a "fifth hundred thousand." So of course it could be Whichways and paradise again.

On this golden day of late August the summer sweetening tree was laden with its familiar harvest, ripe for picking. But they had left the fruit so that its pattern of yellow globes should be part of the picture. For everybody you can think of was at Whichways for a very special occasion—the marriage of Karola Rovnorysik to Alessandro Bellini. Karola had begged to have her wedding at Whichways, rather than at her uncle's house. "Because," she said to Mrs. Glenway, "if it hadn't been for you all, I should never have known Sandro; if it hadn't been for you, there might never have been a me for Sandro to know."

"Come now, not so bad as that," said Mrs. Glenway. "But of course it shall be at Whichways if you like, Karola dear."

So it was, under the elms—with the glorious shape of the summer sweetening as a background. A very family occasion—with Faith and Fiona, Stefanie and June, as bridesmaids, and Godfrey Keene as best man. Karola, on her uncle's arm, was pale and perfect, with old lace—and just one string of the Kamarov pearls. Bellini was a very great artist now; it had been hard work to hoodwink the reporters and photographers, but none had so far found Whichways hiding under its old trees.

And now they were gone; paper rose petals scattered the smooth lawn, making it look like a belated June; white ribbons drooped from the terrace, their purpose past. The group left behind put aside

their bridal solemnity and took on the aspect of a house-party. For everybody was there—even the Updikes, who had returned like garden spirits for this occasion. They were exactly the same—except that Pan was now slender and agile instead of round and prancing. Faith and Michael Updike had some good talks. She was about to go back to her last year of art school, as Fiona was going back to her last year of college.

"You were right," Faith told Michael. "You said I'd be surprised, some day, to find that Fiona and I were fighting for the same thing. I've never forgotten that. And Mother made me see it even clearer. Growing up's fun, I think. It's like getting higher and higher on a mountain, with more and more of a wonderful view spreading out."

In another part of the garden, Stephen and Lynn Hunter were joking with Stefanie and June. The young men had been ushers, and still wore their ceremonial black coats and carnations, as the girls still shone in bridesmaid array.

"Thank heaven the mob's gone," Stephen said, putting a finger between his wing collar and a sorely-trying neck. "Is there any food left? Dust around, June, and see what you can scrape up. I could begin over again."

So June, reacting by habit to elder-brotherly command, went off in search of chicken patties. She ran into Piotar and Pan standing on their heads to reach the bottom of an ice cream can.

"Piotar Rysik—you'll be awfully sorry," she warned. "I saw the amount you've eaten of everything. Look at Pan's nice clothes, too—and your collar!"

"Oh well," said Pan, "everything's over, now—we don't need to keep our clothes very grand. We can even get sick if we want to."

Piotar made no reply. Though, thanks to his uncle's skill, he had heard almost as well as any one else for the past four years, talking was still more of an art than a natural habit. He did not waste his words. He started to wipe his ice-creamy fingers on his very best blue serge trousers, thought better of it, and licked them instead. Then he went off to find Fiona. She was picking up paper rose petals and putting them in a small basket she carried. She looked like a huge rose petal herself, Piotar decided,

in her bridesmaid dress of pale pink and corn-color, with its bouffante skirts, bobbing and bending for the bits of colored tissue paper. He squatted near her and began gathering, too.

"Hello—hello," she said. "How do you feel—having Karola go off?"

"That's all right," said Piotar, in the deliberate way he had. "She and Sandro will have fun, playing fiddles."

"And how do you feel about school?" Fiona pursued. At first—while he was learning to hear and to speak, it had been a tutor. Then a private day school. Now he was twelve, and it was to be First Form, Lower School, St. Martin's.

"Godfrey tells me lots of things I have to do and mustn't do, there," Piotar said. "I am a little afraid."

"Indeed you're not," Fiona assured him. "I have to keep on being proud of you, you know."

"Have you always been proud of me?" Piotar inquired hopefully. Fiona nodded, smiling. "Isn't that funny?" he went on. "I don't think I remember a time before I knew you."

Fiona kissed him. "You're rather sticky," she reproved. "Ice cream?"

Piotar nodded. "June scolded. Pan and I were finishing it."

"Well," said Fiona, "you're rather a mess, now I come to look at you. Better skip along, dear, and get cleaned up before Aunt Karola sees you."

He departed, turning at the terrace to wave his hand. Fiona hoped they wouldn't be too rough with him at St. Martin's. Of course, a certain amount of knocks he needed—but after all, there were so many things he didn't know yet. His experience of the world hadn't caught up with his years. St. Martin's was a good way to hasten it, she supposed with a sigh. She thought about them all, as she wandered gathering the innumerable paper petals. June was all right—simply wallowing in boarding school, and loving it. And Faith was all right, winning concours and having her pictures given honorable mention in all the student shows and perhaps going to the Beaux Arts next year. Stephen—well, Steve hadn't quite made up his mind, but he thought it was marine engineering and Margaret Lymann, and was behaving as such. Karola—no need to wonder about her.

As for herself—she didn't quite know. She had half an idea of studying medicine, after this last year

of college. She wondered. And yet—that wasn't quite it, after all. What was it that she wanted, gropingly? Again she envied Faith, whose way was so gloriously plain before her. No wondering and choosing there. Nor for Godfrey. He had graduated *summa cum laude*, and was to spend this winter in Oxford. People were already beginning to talk about his first published book, which had come a long way since



In "The Charm of a Hostess" Hazel Rawson Cades tells how to entertain graciously—



*Swords in the Dusk.* He had wanted Faith to do pictures for it, but the publishers wouldn't risk any extra expense on a first book. He and Faith were still so closely attuned in their work—wouldn't it be beautiful—couldn't it be anything more than that, Fiona wondered? How could he help loving her—Faith with her great vision; how could any one help loving Godfrey, Fiona wondered wistfully. She straightened from her stooping and said, "Lucky, lucky creatures!"

She did not realize that she spoke aloud, but a voice answered:

"Who are the lucky creatures? Sandro and Karola?"

It was Godfrey himself, looking amused, and very distinguished in his wedding attire.

"No," said Fiona, "I was thinking of people who know just what they want to do. Godfrey, you do look so solemn in that rig."

"You do look so fetching in yours," he returned. "But I want to know about the lucky creatures."

"Well," Fiona replied, "just as I said. People who know what they want to do. Like my sweet sister, and you, and—"

"Yes, thank Heaven, I know what I want to do," Keene said, kicking rose petals. "But what an ass I have been," he murmured.

"You were rather hasty," Fiona said dreamily; the countless petals were hypnotizing her. "But you are, sometimes. Don't be, in your work."

"My work has to come as it will," he said. "Do you know, they're beginning to notice me—a lot?"

"I wish they wouldn't notice you," Fiona said, wrinkling her forehead. "It makes you conceited."

"But you always take me down, just when I should be took," he laughed. "You were ever my kindest critic. By the way—what do you think of yourself—catching Karola's bouquet?"

Fiona smiled. "Somebody had to; June and Steff were such ninnies—didn't even try. And I thought it was going to drop plump on the ground. I was just trying to save the day."

"You always save the day. Then you don't attach any special significance to the fact?" he inquired.

"You mean—about my being the next one to be married?" Fiona asked. "Mercy, no—do you believe in such myths? Why, who in the world would I marry?"

"Me," said Keene in a small voice.

Fiona started upright, and so did he. And when his words came tumbling suddenly—an utterly unexpected fountain of emotion, she gazed at him frightened and trembling.

"Oh, Godfrey—stop—stop!" she cried. "You—you don't know who you're talking to! You've—mixed us up! I'm Fiona! Faith's somewhere—talking to Mr. Updike, I think."

"But I don't want to talk to Faith, I want to talk to you," Keene said gravely.

"But I'm Fiona—I'm Fiona—" she repeated, bewildered.

"I know you're Fiona—thank God you are," he ex-

(Continued on page 56)

# SPEED-A-WAY Members know how to get a Quick HEAD START



**FLASH!** There's no other way to describe a Speed-A-Way girl getting under way. And you yourself know that a quick start is half the race.

Besides knowing how to get off with a bang, Speed-A-Way members know Racing Strokes, How to Stop with 4-Wheel Brakes, and many other roller skating secrets.

Join this jolly club—anyone can.

Winners and champions prefer "CHICAGO" FLYING SCOUT or "CHICAGO" SILENT FLASH, because their success depends on speed and action.

CHICAGO ROLLER SKATE COMPANY  
Established Over One Quarter Century  
4403 West Lake Street Chicago

FOR HEALTH'S SAKE  
ROLLER SKATE



## CHICAGO FLYING SCOUT Roller Skates



### How to Join

For beautiful gold-finish skate pin, membership certificate, book of roller-skate secrets, simply send your dealer's name and 10 cents in stamps to cover postage.  
**Seventh Graders:** Send name of your school for FREE-SKATE plan.

No. 101—The new "CHICAGO" FLYING SCOUT, Double-Tread, "TRIPLE-WARE" steel wheels; cushioned in rubber; finest ball bearings. Outwear ordinary skates two to one. Price . . . . . \$2.25  
No. 101 — "CHICAGO" SILENT FLASH—the wonderful guaranteed rubber-tire skate. Outwear any steel-wheel skates made. Price . . . . . \$4.00  
At your dealer's or sent direct, postpaid.

You will not want to miss her helpful advice! Coming in the November issue

## All weather's good weather in a Play Boy Windbreaker

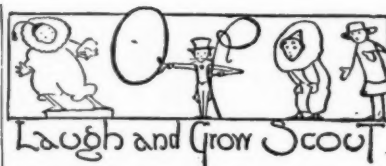


Autumn days are glorious in the woods and mountains. But when you hike to the top of a mountain it's liable to be c-c-cold. So be prepared with a Play Boy Windbreaker. This is the true out-of-doors girl's garment. It's shower proof, wind proof and cold proof—smart, too. Girl Scouts are wearing it in dark green to harmonize with their uniforms. In blue, red or reindeer it is equally as attractive, however. Play Boy Windbreakers open and close in a jiffy with Talon Separating Hookless Fasteners and can be put on and slipped off just like a coat. They are made of fine imported suede cloth with two generous snap-fastened pockets and an attractive polo type collar. Sizes 4, 6, and 8, \$7.00. Sizes 10, 12, 14 and 16, \$7.50. Sizes 18 to 38, \$8.50.

PLAY BOY WINDBREAKERS are sold by good stores all over the country and by The Girl Scout Equipment Department at 670 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Be sure to look for the trademark, for it guarantees fine tailoring, style and distinction. If your dealer cannot supply you write,

**SAV-OSE, INC., 229 W. 36th St., New York City**

Look for our exhibit at the Sixteenth Annual Girl Scout Convention to be held at the Hotel Lincoln, Indianapolis, October 1 to 4



### The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month

#### An Oversight

VILLAGE POSTMAN: I've got a post card 'ere for you.

MRS. BINGLE: Whar's it from?

VILLAGE POSTMAN: (after vain search): Wal, if that Smith woman ain't forgotten to 'and it back to me.—Sent by PHYLLIS BROWN, Highland Park, Michigan.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

Never  
Take  
"No"

for an Answer



Boss: Did you read my letter?

Boy: Yes, sir; I read it inside and outside. On the inside it said, "You are fired." On the outside it said, "Return in five days."—Sent by DOROTHY HOLLAND, Edgemere, Long Island, New York.

#### Just Out

When the donkey saw the zebra

He began to switch his tail,  
"Well, I never," was his comment,  
"There's a mule that's been in jail!"  
—Sent by MARTHA JANE QUINN, Seattle, Washington.



It Can't  
Be Done

A guest of a small Southern hotel was awakened early in the morning by a knock on his door.

"What is it?" he called drowsily, without getting up.

"A telegram, Suh," responded the bell-boy's voice.

"Well, can't you shove it under the door without waking me up so early?"

"No, Suh," the boy answered with his mind on a tip, "it's on a tray."—Sent by HELEN SULLIVAN, Hardin, Montana.

#### His Definition

A Chinaman having one of his first American meals had an ear of corn. He did not know what it was, but he ate it and liked it. When the waitress asked him if he wanted anything else, he said, "Will you please put some more beans on my stick."—Sent by MARY JANE CUMMINS, Wilmington, Ohio.

#### IN BOSTON

Official Headquarters  
in BOSTON for  
Girl Scout Apparel  
and Accessories

A Special Section, devoted to Girl and Boy Scout Equipment is located on the Third Floor, Main Store

**Jordan Marsh Company**

#### IN MIDDLETOWN

**L. STERN CO.**  
MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

#### IN SAINT PAUL

Official Headquarters in  
Saint Paul, Minnesota

**THE GOLDEN RULE**

#### IN NEW YORK TRADE SALES AGENTS

for "Scouting for Girls,"  
official Girl Scouts' manual  
**THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.**  
Wholesale Dealers in the Books of All Publishers  
55 Fifth Ave. NEW YORK At Twelfth St.

#### Here is a way to save money

You can get The American Girl with any of the following magazines at the special prices listed below

#### THE AMERICAN GIRL with

	Publisher's Price	Special Price		Publisher's Price	Special Price
American Boy .....	\$3.50	\$3.00	Etude .....	3.50	3.15
American Magazine .....	4.00	3.90	Mentor-World Traveler..	4.00	3.25
Better Homes & Gardens ..	2.10	1.75	Nature .....	4.50	3.75
Boy's Life .....	3.50	3.00	Parent's .....	3.50	2.75
Child Life .....	4.50	3.75	Pictorial Review .....	2.50	2.00
Children's Playtime .....	4.00	3.00	St. Nicholas .....	5.50	4.50
Christian Herald .....	3.50	3.00	Woman's Home Compan-		
Delineator .....	\$2.50	\$2.25	ion .....	2.50	2.40
THE AMERICAN GIRL					

670 Lexington Avenue

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Helen Perry Curtis has more ideas on how to increase your wardrobe—

## For The Girl Scout Book Shelf



**GIRL SCOUT SONG BOOK**, a new compilation of songs sung by Girl Scouts in troops and camps. The collection contains many folk songs and ballads of other nations as well as the familiar songs for group singing. Words and music.

L-651.....\$1.00

**GIRL SCOUT SONG BOOK, Words Only**, an attractive word book which is useful for groups who wish to purchase only one copy of the complete song book above.

L-653.....35 cents

**GIRL SCOUT GAME BOOK**, revised and enlarged edition. This book includes all kinds of games that girls enjoy, in doors and out. Camp and nature games, quiet games, home games and games for groups of girls which have all been tried out by Girl Scout Leaders. Stiff board cover.

L-151.....60 cents

**GIRL SCOUT HANDBOOK**, outlines the program of Girl Scouting. Every Girl Scout should have a copy of this book as a guide in her Girl Scout work.

L-101.....80 cents

**TRAMPING AND TRAILING WITH THE GIRL SCOUTS**, a primer of camping and tramping in which Girl Scout Leaders, Girl Scouts and all who camp and hike, will find many suggestions for good times out of doors. Stiff board cover.

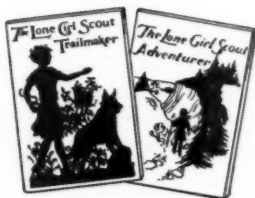
L-191.....50 cents

**WHEN YOU HIKE**, a manual for all who hike, in the convenient form of questions and answers pertaining to camp and trail.

L-162.....25 cents

**KETTLES AND CAMPFIRES**, the Girl Scout camp and trail cook book with favorite recipes of delicious dishes that Girl Scouts have cooked over open fires. Menus, mealtime traditions and the camp and trail trip.

L-251.....50 cents



**THE LONE GIRL SCOUT TRAILMAKER**, the Girl Scout Tenderfoot program for the girl who lives on farm or ranch where she cannot join a Girl Scout troop.

L-931.....10 cents

**THE LONE GIRL SCOUT ADVENTURER**, the Second Class program for the Lone Girl Scout or the new Girl Scout Leader.

L-932.....35 cents



**PATROLS AND THEIR COURT OF HONOR**, a careful presentation of the Court of Honor method of carrying on Girl Scout troop activities. Especially useful to Girl Scout Leaders, and teachers.

L-153.....20 cents

**THINGS GIRL SCOUTS DO AND THE WAY THEY DO THEM**, an interpretation of the Girl Scout program which contains illustrations from actual ceremonies and activities carried on in Girl Scout troops.

L-253.....15 cents

**THE GIRL SCOUT LEADER'S NATURE GUIDE**, a handbook for use with the Girl Scout nature projects.

L-401.....25 cents

**JULIETTE LOW AND THE GIRL SCOUTS**, a new book which contains the story of the vivid, gallant woman who founded the Girl Scouts in the United States. This biography will be of interest and inspiration to girls everywhere.

L-721.....\$2.00

### MAIL ORDERS TO GIRL SCOUTS, INC.

670 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

or Purchase From Your Local Department Store Agency

*In November she tells "How to Make a Lounging Robe"!*



# STANDARD PRICE LIST FOR GIRL SCOUT EQUIPMENT

## Girl Scout Uniforms

	Size	Price
Girl Scout Dress.....	8-12	\$ 2.25
	14-44	5.75
Girl Scout Cloth 36" wide		
per yd.....		.75
† Make-up Set.....		.50
(Consists of pattern, lapels, buttons, thread)		
† Buttons for replacement, each		.02
G. S. Lapels.....		.20
† Patterns (only).....	10-44	.25
Thread, per spool.....		.10
Hat, Girl Scout.....		1.30
Skirt.....	10-32	2.75
Bloomers.....	10-44	2.75
Knee Band Bloomer.....	10-44	3.00
Web Belt.....	28-46	.50
Top Coat (chinchilla)		
Sizes.....	8-12	14.75
	14-42	15.75
Raincoat (Green, Alligator Cloth)		
Unlined.....	8-12	6.75
	14-38	7.50
	4-44	8.25
Lined.....	8-12	9.50
	14-38	10.25
	40-44	11.00
Neckchiefs, Cotton, each		.45
Colors: green, purple, dark blue, light blue, brown, cardinal, black, and yellow		
Bandeaus (to match neckchiefs).....		.45
Stockings, cotton, brown.....	Size	
Girl Scout Underwear	8-11	.50
Vest sizes 30 to 40.....		.75
Shorts sizes 30 to 40.....		.75
Girl Scout Camp Uniform (Pamie Cloth).....		3.75
(Chambray).....		2.50
Windser Tie, Cotton.....		.25
Colors: dark green, red, purple, blue, yellow, brown		
Windser Tie (crêpe de Chine)		.85
Folded Tie, Silk.....		.80
Same colors, brown excepted		
Stockings, dark green, ribbed, lisle.....		.55
Ankle Socks (Mercerized cotton, green or tan) Sizes 8½ to 10½.....		.50
Ankle Socks (Wool mixture, green or tan) Sizes 8½ to 10½.....		.75
Sport Coat (leather).....		12.75
Sizes 8 to 13.....		14.25
Sizes 16 to 42.....		14.25
Sweater, pull-over, green, wool jersey.....	28-40	3.25
Sweater, shaker coat, green.....		8.00
Beret (all colors).....		1.00

## Officer's Uniforms

	Size	Price
Officer's Dress.....	32-44	\$25.00
Wool.....	32-44	10.00
Cotton.....		
† Officer's Serge Cloth 54" wide, per yd.....		4.25
Braid per yd.....		.10
† Pattern.....	32-44	.25
† Buttons, each.....		.02
Per set.....		.40
Thread.....		.10
Piqué collar.....		.50
Commissioner's collar mixture, green or tan.....		.50
Officer's Belt Hat 6½-8 with hooks.....	28-38	1.75
	40-46	2.00
Officer's Top Coat.....	32-44	14.25
Officer's Cape.....	32-44	20.00
Officer's Camp Uniform (Pamie cloth).....		7.00
(Chambray).....		6.00
Officer's Sport Belt.....	28-38	1.00
	40-46	1.25
Stockings, lisle, brown.....		.75

## Brownie Uniforms

	Size	Price
Brownie Dress.....	8-12	\$ 2.65
Brownie Material 32" wide, per yd.....		.25
† Pattern.....	8-12	.30
Cap, small, medium, large.....		.35
Belt, Leather, Sizes 28-30.....		.50
† Brownie Wings.....		.20
† Golden Band.....		.10
† Golden Bar.....		.10
† Emblems.....		.10

## Badges

	Price
† Attendance Stars.....	\$ .10
Silver.....	.10
† First Class Badge.....	.25
† Troop Crest.....	.15
Silver.....	1.75
Bronze.....	1.50
† Proficiency Badges.....	.15
† Second Class Badge.....	.15
† Thanks Badge, Blue or Green, 10K Gold Pin.....	5.00

## Insignia

	Price
† Armband.....	\$ .25
† Ass't Patrol Leader's Chevron.....	.10
† Ex-Patrol Leader's Chevron.....	.20
† Patrol Leader's Chevron.....	.15
† Hat Insignia (for Brown Owl).....	.50
† Lapels—G. S. for Girl Scouts.....	.20

## Pins

	Price
† Brownie.....	\$ .15
† Brown Owl Pin.....	.25
† Committee.....	.75
† Golden Eaglet, Midget, 10K gold.....	2.00
† Golden Eaglet, Large, 10K gold.....	5.00
† Lapels—G. S., Bronze.....	.50
† Girl Scout Pin.....	3.00
10K Gold (safety catch).....	.50
Gold Filled (safety catch).....	.50
New Type.....	.10
Old style plain pin.....	.05
Midget gold filled.....	.50
Worn by Officers or Girl Scouts when not in uniform	
† Senior Girl Scout Pin.....	.75
† Tawny Owl Pin.....	.25

## American Flags

2x3 ft. Wool.....	\$ 2.25
3x5 ft. Wool.....	3.60

## † Troop Flags

2x3 ft. Wool.....	\$2.60 10c per letter
3x5 ft. Wool.....	5.75 20c per letter

NOTE: Two weeks are required to letter troop flags and pennants.

## † Troop Pennants

Letterd with any Troop number	\$ 1.50
-------------------------------	---------

## Signal Flags

Flag Set (complete).....	\$ .75
Includes 1 pr. Morse Code flag, 1 pr. Semaphore flag, sticks and carrying case.	
Morse Code (1 pr. flags only)	.40
Semaphore Flags (1 pr.).....	.50
Including sticks and carrying case.	

## Staffs

1 x 7 ft. Jointed with spiral G. S. Emblem.....	\$ 6.75
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Eagle	5.00
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear	3.50
G. S. Emblem—separate.....	3.70
Eagle Emblem—separate.....	2.60
Spear Emblem—separate.....	1.60
Flag Carrier.....	2.60
Flag Standard.....	1.50

## Literature

Brown Book for Brown Owls.....	\$ .50
Brownie Magic.....	.75
Brownie Handbook, English.....	.25
Brownie Games, English.....	.50
Blue Book for Leaders.....	.25
Camping out (By L. H. Weir).....	2.90
Camp and Field Notebook Cover	.50
Ceremonies around the Girl Scout Year.....	.25
Community Service Booklet.....	1.00
per dozen.....	.60
First Aid Book.....	.60
Games and Recreational Methods for Clubs, Camps and Scouts (By Chas. F. Smith).....	2.00
Girl Guide Book of Games.....	.50
Girl Scout Game Book.....	.60
Girl Scout Handicrafts.....	3.00

## Girl Scout Hike Pack.....

Price \$ .05

Girl Scout Short Stories

Series 1..... 2.00

Series 2..... 2.00

Girl Scout Song Book..... 1.00

Girl Scout Word Book..... .35

Handbook, Cloth Board Cover..... 1.10

Flexible Cloth Cover..... .80

English Girl Guide..... .75

Home Service Booklet, each..... 1.00

per dozen..... 5.00

How to Start a Girl Scout Troop..... .06

per hundred..... 5.00

International Conference and World Camp Report..... 1.25

Jack Knife Cookery..... 2.00

Juliette Low and the Girl Scouts..... 2.00

Kettles and Camp Fires..... .50

Knots, Hitches and Splices..... .15

Life Saving Booklet..... .15

Lone Girl Scout Trailmaker..... .10

Lone Girl Scout Adventurer..... .35

Minimum Standards for Girl Scout Camps..... .35

Nancy Goes Girl Scouting..... 1.50

Nancy's Lone Girl Scouts..... 1.50

Patrol Register..... .10

Patrol System for Girl Guides..... .25

Patrols and their Court of Honor..... 2.00

Rivets, By Birdsell Otis Edey..... 1.25

Stories and How to Tell Them..... 1.50

Scouting is Fun..... .50

Scouting is Fun..... .25

Trails and By Paths..... .25

Tramping and Trailing with the Girl Scouts..... .50

Things Girl Scouts Do..... .25

When You Hike..... .25

Witchery of Archery..... 2.00

## Nature Program

Leader's Nature Guide..... \$ .25

Nature Projects..... .40

Birds..... .40

Garden Fencer..... .40

Wild Flower..... .40

Tree..... .40

Insect..... .40

Land Animal..... .40

Rock Finder requirements only..... .20

Star Finder complete with requirements..... .10

Requirements (in outline form for any of the above projects)..... .10

Audubon Bird Plates..... 1.00

Horstall Colored Plates each..... .10

## Pageants and Plays

Pageant..... \$ .15

Girl Scout's Hope Chest (By Alice Sandford)..... .15

Plays..... .15

How St. John Come to Bence's School..... .15

A Pot of Red Geraniums..... .15

Why the Rabbit?..... .15

Everybody's Affair..... .15

When the Four Winds Met (By Olga Schrotky)..... .15

Magic Gold Pieces (By Margaret Mochrie)..... .15

Simple Dramatics for Troop Meetings..... .50

Producing Amateur Entertainments (By Helen Ferrie)..... 2.00

## Records

	Price
Troop Register (Field Notebook Size).....	\$1.55
Additional Sheets.....	
Cash Record (15 sheets).....	.25c package
Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	3c ea.
Treasurer's Monthly Record (30 sheets).....	.25c package
Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	2c ea.
Treasurer's or Scribe's Record (15 sheets).....	.25c package
Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	3c ea.
Individual Record (30 sheets).....	.25c package
Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	2c ea.
Troop Advancement Record.....	3c a sheet
Troop Reports (30 sheets).....	.25c package
Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	2c ea.

## Post Cards

Brownie Laws, each.....	\$ .03
Brownie Song, each.....	.03
Girl Scout Laws, each.....	.05
per hundred.....	4.50
Girl Scout Fronts, each.....	.05
per hundred.....	4.50
Girl Scout Nat'l Headquarters.....	2 for .95
Seasons (set of four).....	.15
per dozen sets.....	1.50
Silhouettes (set of six).....	.10
per dozen sets.....	1.00
Series of Law Cards, each.....	.03
per hundred.....	2.50
"A Girl Scout is Cheerful!".....	
"A Girl Scout's Honor is to be Trusted".....	
"A Girl Scout is Kind to Animals".....	
"A Girl Scout is Thrifty".....	

## Posters

Camp Poster (large).....	25c ea.
per 100.....	22.50
Stickers.....	.02 ea.
per 100.....	1.75
New Building Poster 9½x11½.....	.10
per dozen.....	1.00
Girl Scout Poster (By Karl Johnson) large.....	.25
Medium.....	.20
Small.....	.05
Girl Scout Creed (By Henry Van Dyke).....	.15
Girl Scout's Promise, 11x16.....	.15
per hundred.....	10.00
Girl Scout's Promise, 8x11.....	.10
per hundred.....	8.00
Girl Scout Laws.....	
Size 14x19.....	.30
Size 9x11.....	.10

## Miscellaneous

Astronomy Game.....	\$ .75
Axe, with sheath.....	1.85
Bead Loom.....	1.25
Belt Hooks, extra.....	.05
Blankets—all wool, light and dark green Edmond.....	5.00
Blankets, O. D.—¾ pound all wool, size 66x80.....	4.75
Bugle.....	5.00
Camp Toilet Kit.....	2.35
Canteen, Aluminum.....	2.50
Compass, Plain.....	1.00
Radiolette Unit.....	1.25
Cuts Running Girl.....	1.00
Trefoil.....	.75
First Aid Kit with Pouch.....	.80
First Aid Kit, No. 1.....	2.90
Flashlights, Girl Scout.....	2.00
Handkerchiefs.....	
Linen, each.....	.35
Box of three.....	1.00
Cotton, each.....	.20
Box of six.....	1.00
Knives, No. 1.....	1.50
No. 2.....	1.00
Woodman's Knife.....	2.00
Kodak.....	6.00
Lariat.....	1.40
Memory Book, Black.....	1.50
Black and gray.....	2.00
Mess Kit, Aluminum, & glass.....	2.75
Mirror—Unbreakable.....	.25
Neckchief slides, green only.....	.10
Paper Weight, Bronze or Black.....	.50
Girl Scout Feeding Rabbit.....	3.50
Poncho (45x72).....	4.75
Poncho (60x82).....	4.75
Purse, green leather.....	.50
Ring, silver 3 to 9.....	1.00
10K Gold, 3 to 9.....	3.00
Rope, 4 ft., by ¼ in.....	.15
Lots of 5 or more, each.....	.10
Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt.....	1.25
Scissors (with case).....	1.50
(without case).....	1.00
Sewing Kit, Tin Case.....	.25
Aluminum Case.....	.50
Stationery.....	1.55
Sun Watch.....	1.00
Tree Marker (not engraved).....	8.00
Engraving per letter.....	.25
Trefoil Emblem Stickers (embossed in gold).....	.02
1 for 5c; 12 for 15c; 100 for \$1.00.....	
Wall Chart.....	
(Per troop records).....	1.25
Whistles.....	.30
Whistle, Officer's.....	.35
Wrist Watch, Locust 2B.....	8.00
Locust A.....	12.50

## IMPORTANT INSTRUCTIONS FOR ORDERING EQUIPMENT

1. Girl Scout Equipment can be sold only upon written approval of registered captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official Girl Scout green cloth is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size.

When you buy Girl Scout Equipment, please remember that you are helping to finance the promotion of Girl Scouting throughout the country, and to maintain your National Organization. Above prices are postage paid and subject to change without notice.

- \* Authorized department stores cannot sell these items.
- \* Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.

MAIL ORDERS TO  
**GIRL SCOUTS, INC.**  
670 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

OR

Purchase From Your Local Department Store Agency

You'll be more than amused at a young girl's attempts to be kidnapped—

## A Fiddle to Play Gladsome Tunes

(Continued from page 14)

over the mountain Sunday, Milly? Over to my place?" His eyes plead with her.

At Milly's questioning look, Mrs. Turner deliberated, "Waal, I 'low as how you kin go. You don't frolic much."

Eagerly plans were laid. "I'll git Brit thar if I has to drive him like a herd of wild hogs," Milly promised.

Fiddler John spent the night with the Turners and early next morning started home. Brit was delighted to visit his old teacher and Sunday morning the boy and girl departed. They were both barefoot and hatless. The violin, wrapped in a gunny sack, was tucked beneath Brit's arm.

The ten miles seemed endless to Milly, who at times chattered feverishly only to pass into apprehensive silence.

"What be ailin' you?" Brit asked. "One minute you's rainin' words like a summer storm and next you's shriveled up as an autumn dry spell."

"Shucks, tain't nothin'," laughed Milly, "savin' that I'm nigh silly in my thinkin' bonnet fer the joy of frolickin' through the woods agin."

But as the two neared Fiddler John's cabin, Milly lagged. What if Brit wouldn't play? What if the women laughed at her, for suddenly she was conscious of her skimpy dress, bare feet and awkwardness. At the porch the two paused. "Whoo-oo," they called.

"Step 'round back-side of the house," answered Mister John.

At the corner of the shack the two burst upon a group of people sitting beneath a beech tree. Like two wild creatures poised for flight, the boy and girl stared at them. Milly rubbed her feet together in embarrassment. Brit's eyes dilated in surprise and dismay. He turned as though to run, but Fiddler John was beside him, gentling him with his arm.

"Young-uns," the old man quavered, "these be some furriners what air visitin' at Pine Mountain. They's pleased me by drappin' in. Set down on the ground thar and make yerselves known to 'em."

Dumbly Milly and Brit crouched on the grass.

"Hello, Brit. Hello, Milly," welcomed the strangers. And then sensing the newcomers' shyness they chatted among themselves.

After a time Fiddler John arose. "Young-uns, I don't know much about these hyar furriners' business, savin' that that woman thar calls herself Miss White and is a fiddler. And that one be a Pine Mountain teacher and t'other lady, Missus Booth, be great fer writin' tales.

"Missus White rid over to hear me play the fiddle. But I jest can't with my fingers shakish as a new-born baby's laigs. So I tells her as how maybe Brit will play fer her."

Brit's face was white and Milly knew that at any moment he might leap up and bound away. It was terribly hard for him, but he simply must play.

Maybe the strangers could help Brit get out of the mountains and become a great fiddler.

"Brit, Brit," she supplicated. "Jest play *Barbara Allen*."

But Brit merely stared at her blankly. Suddenly Milly scrambled to her feet, all self-consciousness gone. The strangers were no longer there—only she and Brit, fighting out the crisis to which she had been urging him for months.

"Brit, Brit," she challenged, lifting her chin imperatively. "Look on me. Ain't I helped you ary day to larn them song-tunes? Ain't we made sweet music with nothin' but birds and rabbits to hear it? And now when thar's somebody

his long body swaying as he played.

From one ballad, the two passed to another and another, all thought of their audience gone. Until at last Milly paused, breathless, and the violin's note quivered to a close.

For a moment the strangers sat spell-bound. Then Miss White was on her feet. "Oh my dears—my dears," was all she could seem to say. Fiddler John wiped his eyes with the back of his hand. The others smiled tremulously.

"Brit, lad, Brit," cried the woman-fiddler, "you're going to be great. *Great*, do you hear me? You're coming to New York. I'll teach you all I know and then we'll find teachers better than I for you."

Brit stared at her while a slow flush stained his cheeks. Milly's heart pounded furiously. It had come true. Brit would be great after all. As though from a far distance she noticed that Mrs. Booth had risen and was speaking to her.

"Milly, do you know other ballads like those?"

She nodded her head.

"And are you acquainted with mountain folk who could tell me of songs that few people know?"

"I reckon," answered Milly. "Granny Hall up Cutcheon knows tunes nary another soul hereabouts has ever heern. And Uncle Moss up Laurel Creek could sing the moon out of the sky."

Mrs. Booth beamed. "Splendid," she exulted. "Listen, Milly. I came into Kentucky to collect old ballads for a book. Miss White came with me because she loves folk songs, too. But we needed someone to guide us to the oldtimers and to induce them to sing their tunes for us. You could help me so much with my book. And I'd pay you well."

"Pay?" murmured Milly. "Oh I don't keer 'bout that." Then she paused. "Yit if I could make out to earn eight dollars—" she breathed.

Mrs. Booth laughed kindly. "Eight dollars! Why, you'll earn much more than that. What will you do with it?"

Stupefied, the girl stared at her. "I—I reckon as how I'll go to Pine Mountain School forever then," she said. She turned to Brit who was talking shyly with the violinist. She must get away from these people. She must get away so that she could roll down hills and shout her gladsome news to the world.

"I reckon as how we must go bye," she said.

"We'll ride over and see you and your folks tomorrow," promised the strangers. "We've lots of plans to make for you both."

Turning, the boy and girl trotted away. For a long time they walked in silence.

And then, "It's goin' ter be late fer callin' the hogs," said Milly.

"Shorenough. And Pappy'll be quarrelin' at me fer bein' late fer milkin'," answered Brit. The two stopped abruptly and stared at each other. Then suddenly they broke into joyous laughter and wheeling about raced down the trail.

*Have you entered*

**The  
What-I-Wish  
in-My-Magazine  
Contest?**

*If not, do it now*

Ballot in the September issue

what craves your playin' you won't give it to them. Fie on you, Brit Nolan."

The boy gazed up at her. "But Milly, I can't," he pleaded. "Thar ain't nary bones in my fingers, they's that watery and weak-like. I jest can't." His voice was choked; his eyes begged.

Breathless, the onlookers watched the drama between the two. Fiddler John crouched forward on his chair, his lips quivering with disappointment. And still Brit sat on the ground, his face blank and despairing. Milly's shoulders drooped. Her hands unclenched and hung limp at her sides. Tears rolled unheeded down her freckled cheeks.

"I know as how you can't help yerself, Brit," she choked, understanding his helplessness. "I know."

It was the first time that Brit or anyone else had ever seen tears on Milly's face. She was not the crying kind—too indomitable, too sturdy a piece of hickory to snap in the wind of disappointment. And so it was that the sight of her sorrow made the boy lose his own fear in the desire to please her.

"Shucks, Milly," he cried, jumping up and tucking his violin beneath his chin. "I'll play fer you. I ain't afear'd."

A smile seemed to radiate from every freckle on Milly's thin face and she swung into the sweet strains of *Barbara Allen*, her own emotion putting new fervor into the ballad. At her side stood Brit, his eyes intent on her face,

*There's a clever story, "The Kidnaping of Sally McBride," coming in November*

**Easy to make SPENDING MONEY**



Girls!...here's just the opportunity you want. A pleasant, enjoyable way to make extra money for Christmas gifts and the many other things you want. Hundreds of girls and boys find it easy to make money taking orders for

**BEAUTIFUL BOX ASSORTMENTS**  
**21 CHRISTMAS CARDS AND FOLDERS**  
**50c PROFIT ON EACH SALE**

You never saw a more beautiful assortment of High Grade Greeting Cards and Folders. Rich, soft colors and sparkling Gold effects. Each with Harmonizing Envelope. All in handsomely decorated Christmas Box. You sell for \$1.00—costs you only 50c.

**WE PAY ALL DELIVERY CHARGES**

By selling only 5 boxes a day you make \$15.00 a week.

**FREE SAMPLES**

Write for particulars and free samples.  
**WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS**  
 Dept. W, 7 Water St., Boston, Mass.



**CANDY SALES**  
**RAISE MONEY QUICKLY**

**Bylund Plan Requires No Capital**

Thousands of Girl Scout Troops and other societies are using this famous plan to raise needed funds quickly. Send no money. We finance you while selling. We ship prepaid an assortment of nationally advertised candy bars fresh from the factory. You keep the generous profit and return the balance to us in thirty days. More than 70 items to choose from including Baby Ruth, Peters, Nestles, Planters, Amos 'n' Andy, Peaks. Samples on request. Write for our illustrated plan booklet.

**BYLUND BROS., Inc.**

Dept. A.G. 10, Woolworth Bldg., New York

## Earn Christmas Dollars!

GIRL SCOUTS send for 50 sets of Christmas Seals. Sell for 10c a set. Send us \$3.00—Keep \$2.00. We will send free gift for promptness.

**N. Y. PREMIUM HOUSE**  
 296-M Broadway, New York City

**BOYS & GIRLS EARN XMAS MONEY**  
**FOR YOUR TROOP**

Send for 30 CHRISTMAS PACKAGES. Each package containing 48 assorted Christmas Seals, Cards, Tags, etc. Sell for 10c. When sold send us \$1.50 and keep \$1.50. Or send for 30 Christmas Greeting Card packages. Each package containing 3 cards and 3 envelopes. Sell for 10c. When sold send us \$1.50 and keep \$1.50. We trust you. Send ½, keep ½.

**CHRISTMAS CARD CO., DEPT. 16, BEVERLY, MASS.**

**BOYS AND GIRLS**  
**Earn Xmas Money**

Write for 50 Sets St. Nicholas Christmas Seals. Sell for 10c a Set. When sold send us \$3.00 and keep \$2.00. No Work—Just Fun. We Trust You!

St. Nicholas Seal Co., Dept. 108-A.G.  
 Vanderveer Station Brooklyn, N. Y.

## A Sure Way to Earn Money!

Everybody buys Christmas Cards. Our assortments are very enthusiastically received by every one who sees them. Your troop can make real money by selling our Cards. Now is the time to start.

Write now for complete information  
**CARDCRAFT ASSOCIATES**  
 50 Washington Road Springfield, Mass.

**Free—A copy of THE AMERICAN GIRL**

WOULD you like us to send a sample copy of this real girls' magazine to your friends who are not subscribers? Send in their names and addresses and we will be glad to mail them a copy FREE.

# The Fork in the Road

(Continued from page 51)

claimed. "You didn't even realize? You thought I meant Faith? Why we don't care a snap of the fingers for each other."

"But—you're so much alike—your work and all," Fiona murmured. "I always hoped—I always thought—"

"We're quite too much alike," Godfrey said. "We're excellent artistic partners, that's all. I admire Faith's work tremendously—I hope she'll always illustrate my stuff. She's going to be a very great artist. Too great an artist to be a great wife, if you understand me. Fiona! You've always known what a spoiled child I am. You've done all the unspoiling of me that's been accomplished so far. Please—please finish the job! Will you?"

For Fiona the rose petals were swirling in an inconceivable pattern of sunset saffron and rose. The summer sweetening tree dropped great burning globes of pure gold, like enchanted moons. Down behind the jungle the true sunset flamed with unearthly splendor, lighting Whichways and the world with a great radiance. The basket of rose petals dropped unheeded, spilling its contents once more on the green lawn, where the wind lifted them and ran with them, making a magic carpet for their feet. "Time stays, we go," said the sundial among the zinnias. But Time trembled immovable in the quiet garden, as Godfrey and Fiona went on into an unguessed sphere of wonderment, the beginning of all things.

*What has happened so far in this story*

The six Glenways—Faith and Fiona, the twins, Stephen, June, and Mr. and Mrs. Glenway move from their country home, Whichways, into town into a house which the twins call The Brick Oven.

Whichways is rented by the famous artist, Michael Updike, and his family. Faith greatly regrets leaving their home, while Fiona is eager to meet the new adventures of the city. The twins drift apart in their interests as Faith continues to develop her artistic talents, and Fiona becomes interested in freeing a little Russian girl, Karola Rysik, and Karola's mother and little brother, Piotar, from the persecutions of a Russian, Dapotchko. Through Fiona, the Glenway family and Lynn Hunter, the boy next door, Dapotchko is caught and sent out of the country. He leaves without disclosing the whereabouts of Karola's violin which he has stolen from her. Lynn Hunter traces it to the home of a young violinist, Alessandro Bellini who, after some persuasion from Lynn, returns the violin to Karola.

In the meantime Faith has begun a series of illustrations for a book of poems which Godfrey Keene has written. Godfrey is a school friend of Stephen's and his guest for the summer vacation. He has visited the Glenways before, always remaining very silent and somewhat mysterious about his family affairs. Finally he confides to Fiona that he is definitely breaking his relations with his father, Dr. Keene, because his father has married again within a year after his mother's death. Godfrey has never met his stepmother, a European, whom Dr. Keene met in Vienna, and has refused to open any letters which she or his father have sent him. He is in rather desperate circumstances financially. Fiona asks his permission to tell her mother about it as she feels sure that Mrs. Glenway will know what to do. "All right, but don't let your mother come and talk to me," Keene answered bitterly. "I loathe pawings and pity."

# Party Frocks Galore

(Continued from page 26)

a half times as wide as the flounce above it. That is, if the bottom of your bodice measures forty inches, the top ruffle should be sixty inches around, the next one ninety inches, and the third one, one hundred and thirty-five. If your organdie tears easily you can tear these ruffles off carefully, one at a time, running them lengthwise of your material. Otherwise crease or mark them to be sure to get a straight line in cutting. When your ruffles are cut, sew the ends together and gather each one carefully at the top. Two rows of gathering about a quarter inch apart always make the gathering easier to adjust evenly. Just before you gather the flounces, mark each one with pins or notches into halves and quarters so that you can put them together evenly. Then baste each ruffle onto the one next above it and the top one to the bottom of the bodice, taking care to have the seam at one side and the notches all matched, so that your gathers will be even. Next stitch all these seams, trim them off and

overcast each one to make a neat finish. Isn't that an easy dress to make?

Slip it on once more to make sure that it is just right at the neck and shoulders, trimming it off at neck and arm hole and hem. These edges can be finished with picoting, but better still the neck and arm holes may be bound with a narrow, bias band of the material. This makes them a little stronger and is a smarter finish. Cut bias bands of your material an inch and a quarter wide, crease them double, baste around the arm holes and neck on the right side and stitch them on. Then turn in the folded edge of the bias binding and hem it down by hand so that your stitches catch into the machine stitches. Last of all tie three yards of double-faced ribbon, an inch wide, about your waist with a roguish little bow in the front.

This frock would be equally pretty in any other stiff material, such as tulle or taffeta. Blue taffeta tied with silver ribbon, or a rose-colored tulle girdled with deeper rose, would be enchanting.

*More puzzles, jokes, pictures, news—all are coming in early issues!*



## Winners of Our Hobby Contest

HERE are the winners of the Hobby Contest! Because the contest closed on September first, we are able to announce the winners in this issue. Many girls entered the contest, and all of the manuscripts were so interesting that we wish we had more prizes to give. However, we have decided to award a book to the writer of any article that we print. So some of you whose names are not even mentioned on this page, may be surprised some day to see your contest entry in the magazine.

Mary Kretsinger of Emporia, Kansas, whose hobby article is printed below, is the winner of the first prize—a fountain pen. Charlotte G. Shapiro of New York, New York, won the second prize—a silver pencil, on which will be engraved her initials. The third prize was won by Donna Long of Troop One, Rainier, Oregon. Her prize is a book. Those who received honorable mention are: Jean M. Berry, Chicago, Illinois; Marguerite Berry, Hinsdale, Illinois; Corinne E. Edwards of Troop Seven, Quincy, Massachusetts; Broun Hutchinson of Troop One, Valdosta, Georgia; Mary Ruth Munroe, Schenectady, New York and Hasseltine Sims of Troop Three, Joplin, Missouri.

We will try to print some of the other prize winning hobby articles in coming issues.

### A Merry Hobby

A merry hobby! That is an odd name for one's hobby, isn't it? But not for mine. My hobby is one of which very few know the fun. It is marionettes.

Why do I like marionettes? Oh, they are so fascinating and real and fun to make! I've always loved dolls and always had a desire to make a marionette. One summer I read about the mysterious little dolls and how to make one. I immediately purchased the materials needed and started my work. After making one, I found that I could easily make another and another. Just for fun, I chose a simple little play and made the characters in it. After finishing the dolls I decided to make a stage to give my play on. I studied out a way to make one that would be portable and after a few more days had it finished even to the curtain.

When I returned to school the next fall, I told one of my chums about it and since she was interested, I asked her to be my partner. After a little practise, we were able to give the show several times at high school and at some clubs. Our thrill came when we were asked to give it out of town.

We had a fascinating and splendid time and it wasn't

long before we were asked to give it more places than we were able. Of course, we "carried" a vaudeville with the "main show"—a tap dancer, a reader and "Two Black Crows." Our dolls were fun for us as well as others.

Wherever we gave the show, I gave a speech telling of the origin and making of the dolls while my chum showed how they were worked. Perhaps you would like to know how they are made and their history too? Here is the story of how they came by their name:

Long ago, in fact in 944, twelve maids and twelve men were married in a church in Venice. When the happy couples left the church they were surrounded by robbers who carried away the lovely brides. The enraged husbands followed and recaptured their wives and, as the story goes, lived happily ever after. Every year it was the custom to celebrate the anniversary of this event by a similar fête where the town's most beautiful women would be married but this, causing so much jealousy among the women, the people were forced to stop. Instead they substituted life-sized wooden dolls, known as "little mariés" or marionettes.

Of course, there are many stories of the origin of puppets. Every country claims to be the first to introduce the dolls in festivals.

The record shows that the dolls were first used in the religious ceremonies of the different heathen countries to represent their gods. Some of them were made of gold and precious stones and could do many wonderful things. We owe nearly every country a little for preserving the dolls, that is, preserving them for history and to hand down to the coming generation. The Hopi Indians were the first in America to have them, but in the last few years, Tony Sarg, a great and wonderful artist has brought them to the level which they now hold in America.

Now I have told you a little about the history of my hobby, but the most interesting part remains untold; how marionettes are made.

My dolls' bodies are carved of wood and fastened together with screw eyes. Their heads are made of plastic wood. To use this you must first make a plaster cast in which to put the plastic wood.

The faces are painted with oils, and after dressing the dolls, seven strings are attached, two to the arms; two to the legs; two to the head; and one to the back. The strings at the head and back are called "balance strings." Great care must be taken when giving a show, not to entangle the strings, for if you do, your dolls are crippled and unable to act.



When you write to advertisers, please mention "The American Girl"

### WE GIVE BIG PACKET OF FOREIGN STAMPS

To all sending 10c (coin) and 2c stamp for the VIKING SPECIAL STAMP ALBUM. Holds nearly 1,000 stamps. Places for U. S. Commem. Fully illustrated. Bound in orange cover, size 5 x 7 1/2. All purchasers GIVEN Argonaut Stamp Club membership, Club Pin, perf. gauge and stamp hinges. ARGONAUT STAMP COMPANY Dept. 4V New Canaan, Conn.

### ANCHER'S \$ \$ \$ OUTFIT—ONLY 12c

Pine triangle stamp; set German stamps with (pewer) value of forty million dollars (interesting); perforation gauge and mm. scale. air-mail set; scarce stamp from smallest republic on earth; 1 newspaper set; packet good stamps from Transvaal, Malaya, Siam, etc., etc., etc.—entire outfit for 12c to approval applicants. Nice pocket stockbook, vol. 25c with every order. ANCHER STAMP CO., Box 47, Rutherford, N. J.

**FREE STAMP COLLECTION** Contains stamps from Iceland, Hamburg, Turkey, India (large revenue), Africa (Jungle scenes, native chiefs, etc.), French and Portuguese Colonies, maps, birds, animals, etc.—All free to approval applicants. 2c postage. 1000 hinges 7c. Watermark Detector 2c. Tatham Stamp Co., 49 Van Horn (D7), W. Springfield, Mass.

New Netherland Rembrandt Paintings, Comp.—20c 3 Netherlands Airmail—30c; Arcension No. 10—3c; New Australia STRUT Comm. 10c; 5 New Wallis-Futuna—5c; 3 New Sorbia—5c; 4 Russian Horseman—30c; New Indian Somalland—5c. Ask for approvals. Lists free. A. G. SIMMONS STAMP COMPANY, HORTON, MICH.

250 DIFFERENT KINDS of sets, from scores of strange, far-away countries. All the sets are priced at only 10c each. Large beautifully illustrated. Price list Free. Ask for my fine Approvals also. CHARLES BARETTA, Box 617, San Mateo, Calif.

**Approval Sheets** 50% Discount. Sent Anywhere American Girl Goes. Frederick B. Driver, 1430 So. Penn Square, Phila., Pa.

**FREE INSTRUCTION BOOK** with my fine 1 cent approvals. Send 5 cts. postage. F. D. Reynolds, 1118 East Dennyway, Seattle, Wash.

Send For My 5 and 10 cent Price Lists. Premium Given. W. J. GRANT, 6317—18th Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**STAMPS** 105, China, etc., 2c. Album (500 illust.) 3c. List free. Bullard, 446 Tremont St., Boston

### Moving?

IF you do not want to miss any of your copies of the magazine send us your new address at least three weeks ahead.

THE AMERICAN GIRL  
670 Lexington Avenue New York, N. Y.

## Our October Contents

Cover Design . . . M. H. Maull  
My Star . . . Robert Browning 14

### Stories

Vagabond's Ward  
Marjorie Provost 6  
Illustrations by Harvé Stein  
A Fiddle to Play Gladsome Tunes  
Esther Greenacre Hall 12  
Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele  
Kidnaped . . . Leslie C. Warren 18  
Illustrations by Helen Hokinson  
The Fork in the Road  
Edüh Ballinger Price 22  
Illustrations by the author

### Special Articles

Marian Hall and Diane Tate  
Margaret Norris 10  
Uniformly Smart  
Hazel Rawson Cades 15  
Illustrations by Katherine Shane Bushnell  
Hockey for October Weather  
Henrietta Gee 16

### Our Merit Badge Pages

The Almost Perfect Food (Cook)  
Winifred Moses 21  
Party Frocks Galore (Dress-  
maker) . . . Helen Perry Curtis 25  
Illustrations by Harriet Moncreu  
"Boot, Saddle, to Horse and  
Away!" (Horsewoman) . . . 27  
Babs the Bookworm (Scribe)  
Sophie L. Goldsmith 44

### Our Scribes' Corner

Girl Scout Week Comes . . . 28

### Our Girl Scout Pictures

When We Celebrate Girl Scout  
Week . . . . . 30, 31

### Other Pages of Interest

Along the Editor's Trail . . . 3  
Well, of All Things! . . . 4  
Laugh and Grow Scout . . . 52  
Winners of Our Hobby Contest 57  
Our Puzzle Pack George Carlson 58

## OUR PUZZLE PACK



### A Merit Badge Puzzle

The sound of the bugle calls us to attention, so let us rally around the Puzzle Pack and see what there is in store for us. Girl Scouts especially, should find this puzzle interesting, for at this time of the year there is an important event for all Girl Scouts and in solving the puzzle you will find out what it is. Here is also an opportunity to see how quickly you can identify the various merit badges, nine of which are shown.

When you have correctly named the activities represented by these badges, take the proportions of the letters as indicated and place in the order given. This will make the name of this event wherein all Girl Scouts should take an active part.

### Puzzle Pack Word Square

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square:

1. A specter
2. Wit
3. Last letter of Greek alphabet
4. Soaked; wet
5. Salvagers

### Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time, transform BAKE to OVEN in fourteen moves.

### Ye Olde Time Riddle

What is the only kind of knot in a cord which was never tied and cannot be untied?

### Add a Letter

By adding one letter in the beginning of each of the following words, six new words will be formed. The six added letters will spell the name of a small city in New York State, and also a girl's name.

1. Spy
2. Ace
3. Aster
4. Rate
5. Ailing
6. Round

By LOIS E. ASHLEY, Binghamton, New York.

### A Charade

My first is in gable but not in roof,  
My second, in joke, is also in spoof,  
My third is in body but not in limb,  
My fourth is in diving, but not in swim,

My fifth is in burden, but not in load,  
My sixth is in wayside, but not in road,  
My seventh is in minutes but also in years,  
My whole is a word that often brings tears.

### A Color Acrostic

The first and fourth letters in the seven five-letter words which are defined below will make the names of two colors.

1. A loud noise
2. To perform anew
3. Visionary
4. An incense
5. Dexterity
6. A proprietor
7. A cardinal point

### An Enigma

I am the nickname of a famous ship and contain twelve letters.

My 8, 11, 7, 4, 1, 5, is prior in age.  
My 12, 6, 9, 2, is earth.  
My 3 and 10 is Doctor of Divinity.

### Add a Letter

By adding one letter at the beginning of each of the following words, seven new words will be formed. The seven added letters will spell the name of an imaginary monster mentioned in "Alice in Wonderland."

1. Race
2. Oars
3. Deal
4. Rail
5. Rock
6. Rate
7. Ever

## ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

THE SCHOOL-BOOK PUZZLE: 1. Geometry 2. Languages 3. Algebra 4. Geography 5. History 6. Science

PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:

S M A R T  
M O L A R  
A L I V E  
R A V E N  
T R E N D

WORD JUMPING: Root, foot, fort, fore, fire, fine, vine.

YE OLDE TIME RIDDLE: Because he is no better.  
CONCEALED BOYS' NAMES: 1. Tom 2. Donald 3. Carlo 4. Kenneth 5. Edward 6. George 7. Fred  
FLOWER ACROSTIC: Brag, unto, toil, toad, else, rain, czar, undo, paid, Buttercup, goldenrod.  
ADD A LETTER: The seven added letters spell CORSICA.

Patronize the equipment agent in your town



## Membership in the JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD is too Good to Miss

THE AMERICAN GIRL thinks so too! That is why a Junior Literary Guild membership has been chosen as first prize in the "What-I-Wish" contest. Of course, only one girl can win the prize but the new plan of membership, described below, now makes it possible for every girl to become a member.

**D**ECIDE now to join this organization of girls interested in better reading. Make sure that you will share the many advantages which Members have gained by clubbing together. If you win first prize in the contest—and we hope you will—your Membership will be extended for another year.

This is what you get when you are a Member of the Junior Literary Guild: one outstanding new book every month delivered right to your door; a year's subscription to the Club's monthly magazine, *YOUNG WINGS*; a beautiful membership pin; attractive book plates to paste into your books to show that they are your very own; and special privileges from time to time.

The book you get every month is bound to be thrilling and interesting because it is selected by the Junior Guild Editors from all the new *Girls'* books being published. Among the

Editors are such well known authorities of young peoples' reading as Helen Ferris, your former editor of *AMERICAN GIRL*; and Harford Powel, Jr., former editor of *YOUTHS' COMPANION*.

### You Get TWO Books for the Price of ONE

The magazine, *YOUNG WINGS*, comes each month with your new book and adds to its enjoyment. It tells you about the author and how the book came to be written. Attractive prizes are offered each month to the girls who write the best letters about their books and the prize letters are published in the magazine.

As a Junior Guild member you get *YOUNG WINGS*, the club pin and the book plates absolutely free. Also, you get bet-

ter books and twice as many for your book money. You receive *twelve* books a year, one each month, for what you now spend for six.

### \$1 Starts All this Fun

Fill out the coupon and mail it with just \$1. That will begin your membership. By return mail you will get your first monthly book—as thrilling a book as you've ever read. You will also get the current issue of the Club magazine, your membership pin and a whole supply of book plates. Start the coupon on its way right now.

**JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD**  
55 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.  
Canadian Representative: McAlinsh & Co., Ltd.  
60 Front St., West, Toronto, Canada

Junior Literary Guild, Dept. 64 A.G.  
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly enroll me as a member of this Girls' Book Club and send me the *Girls'* book which the Editors have picked out for this month. I enclose \$1. Also send me absolutely free a membership pin, a supply of book plates and the current number of *YOUNG WINGS*. I will tell you whether I wish to continue for a year after I have received the first book.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....  
Parent's Name.....





## TODAY even in the desert they stop for *the pause that refreshes*

AT KINGMAN, hot-spot of the Arizona desert, the big T. A. T. monoplane swoops to earth. Out come the passengers—to stretch, relax and find *the pause that refreshes*. The adobe station bakes in desert sunshine. But quickly they move inside—to inviting shade and a big ice-box filled with Coca-Cola. What a place for such a drink! \* \* \* And yet nobody is surprised. They've found it everywhere across the

continent . . . at Thirty-fourth Street and Seventh Avenue, New York; at Columbus, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Wichita, Waynoka, Clovis, Albuquerque, Winslow. And they'll find it at the Grand Central Air Terminal, Los Angeles. \* \* \* All the big passenger planes come down at intervals to let passengers put their feet on the ground. And ice-cold Coca-Cola, a-tingle with delicious taste and a cool

after-sense of refreshment, is always there.

**THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD**  
A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own glass and in its own bottle: The crystal-thin Coca-Cola glass that represents the best in soda fountain service. The distinctive Coca-Cola bottle you can always identify; it is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight without the touch of human hands, insuring purity and wholesomeness. The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

**LISTEN IN** Grantland Rice Famous Sports Champions Coca-Cola Orchestra  
Wed. 10:30 to 11 p. m. Eastern Daylight Saving Time Coast to Coast NBC Network.

NINE MILLION A DAY

